



# THEATRE MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1918



**D**O you know good acting when you see it?

Many theatregoers think they are competent to judge a performance. As a matter of fact, very few are! Even alleged critics who write for the press know little of the art of which they talk with such pretended authority.

"America," says Walter Prichard Eaton in the next issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, "is flooded with incompetent critics, for the newspapers as a rule, make no effort to pick men properly equipped for the delicate task of critical analysis and do not keep them long enough on the job to acquire experience."

But there *are* critics who know good acting when they see it. Mr. Eaton goes into this more thoroughly in a caustic article in the July issue.



**T**O-DAY the chorus of "The Follies" is considered the beauty parlor of theatreland.

But beauty is not a monopoly of to-day. Ask dad, he knows!

The favorites of his day can well stand on their own for good looks, plus personality.

In the next number, we're going to show you the pictures of the "squabs" of yesterday, and tell you how they gained popularity.

They had youth, beauty and ability. Judge for yourself which attribute contributed most to their success.



**W**HAT is an immoral play?

Is the play that teaches some vital sex question to be classed with the play that is suggestive merely for suggestiveness sake?

Read Ada Patterson's analytical discussion of plays worth while and those merely put on for sensational effect.

It's in the July issue!

**Y**OU, who sit comfortably at the playhouse to-day, little know what our forefathers endured to pay homage to Thespis.

Do you know how early American theatres were lighted? That was long before

anything connected with the flag. They mean Pre-eminent Picker of Winners, for that's what George is.

He has had four successes on Broadway this year, and in the July number, he's going to tell you how he does it.

We advise all theatrical managers to read this article. They may be able to take a tip from George M. Cohan—author, actor, manager, and film star!



**I**N Spain there's a man greater than the king—and he's not found in diplomatic circles, either.

He's no other than Joselito, the greatest bull-fighter in the world. Read about his daring exploits, his fame and popularity in the July issue.



**I**NA CLAIRE and Lenore Ulric—Belasco's little girls. These two names have blazed forth successfully in this theatrical season of many failures.

Miss Claire, blonde and winsome, and Miss Ulric, dark and emotional, tell in the next issue how David Belasco made "Polly With a Past" and "Tiger Rose" two of the biggest hits of the year—and themselves stars of tomorrow.



**R**EAD about the summer gowns of Geraldine Farrar, one of the best dressed women on the stage, and see the exclusive pictures of them in "Footlight Fashions" in our next issue.



**Y**OU'LL be packing your trunk soon to go on that much needed vacation.

Then don't forget to carry with you a copy of the July THEATRE. So as to get all our zippy summer numbers, why not subscribe now? \$3.50 a year.

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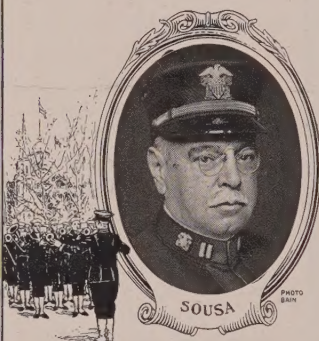
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**G**EORGE M. COHAN—P. P. W.  
No—the initials do not stand for

gas was introduced into this country. Frank Chouteau Brown knows, and he'll enlighten you if you read the July issue—"Lighting in the Early Playhouses."





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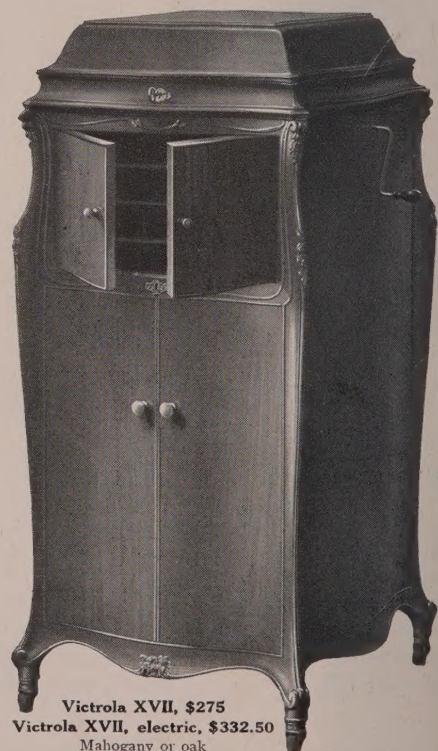
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# Victor Supremacy



# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVII. No. 208

JUNE, 1918



During the recent Liberty Loan Drive, James Montgomery Flagg helped boom the Loan by sketching pictures of the purchasers of large bonds. Miss Helen Rook, a Broadway favorite, and of the Stage Women's War Relief, was one of the lucky ones. She is seen wearing the helmet of one of Pershing's boys



# LET US RESPECT THE THEATRE

*The stage an institution of great appeal to men and women confronted with unsolved problems of their daily lives. Being an interview with*

REV. DR. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT



WE hear a good deal from time to time about the morals of grease paint. Having a very definite respect for the drama, for everything that tends to interpret beauty in the theatre, I feel that it is not a question of the morals of actors or audiences that excites the interest of a clergyman, so much as it is a question whether the theatre is properly understood. I mean, have we considered the place which the theatre holds towards everyday life.

Since President Wilson has been in office, I am told that he attends the theatre four times a week. The newspaper men in Washington, it is said, usually scent a "big story" when the President spends most of his evenings at the theatre. Precedent has shown that when the President is working on some important State matter, he goes to the theatre a great deal to rest his mind. Apparently he cares very little for dramas. It has been noticed that his taste runs chiefly to musical-comedy or vaudeville. Perhaps it is inferred from these selections in his amusements that he cannot find proper mental relaxation in the theatrical situations of a drama. He absolutely avoids the "problem play." It seems that when he attends a vaudeville performance, he shares the atmosphere of the show. Usually one or more of the performers address a few remarks to the Presidential box to which the President responds with a broad smile. If the joke has been unusually good, the actor is rewarded by very hearty hand-clapping from the Presidential box.



THE influence of the theatre upon the First Citizen of this country is the best modern comment I can think of. It should not surprise those who enjoy Shakespearean drama or problem plays, to observe the President prefers musical-comedy and vaudeville. The best purpose the theatre can serve is to inspire happiness, and that is a quality which we largely manufacture for ourselves according to the normal habits of our lives. It is my impression that any moral irritation of which the theatre has been accused, no doubt properly, is the result of a defective audience. A musical-comedy so long as it preserves good taste and especially inspires our thought to beauty, has a perfectly legitimate place in the important productions of the theatre. To the inexperienced young man, to the gentleman in the bald-headed row, it may have its deceptions. These are not the faults of the musical-comedy, however, nor properly speaking, can it be said to be the fault of the pretty young women on the stage. Abnormal people go to the theatre, just as they go to church, and apply what they see or hear to their own abnormal perceptions. In the great majority, audiences are normal. They are not seeking sensational experiences in the theatre, any more than they are seeking them in life. It so happens, however, that the theatre being one of the greatest public institutions, it has often suffered from abuse because of the sort of people that get mixed up with the normal crowds.

I was particularly fond of Clyde Fitch, and

remember being especially impressed with the great number of people his brain addressed through his play. Clyde Fitch was addressing fifty thousand people a day. That is a tremendous audience, and a tremendous influence. Even the distinguished Archbishop of York, who is visiting us just now, said the other day that he had addressed ninety thousand people in two months. The dramatist seemed to have a distinct advantage over the importance of the Archbishop.



THE romance of the stage door, at least that which reaches the newspaper, is not really a part of the morals of the theatre. It is merely a by-product, an abnormal fever that seizes the very young, and perhaps the very old. There are always the "undesirables" to take care of, and because they are deprived of normal perceptions of beauty, out of key with the harmony of life, they get into trouble in the glamor of the theatre. It is something tangible and unique in human nature, this "glamor of the theatre." It is the awakening of all that is good or all that is evil in human knowledge. According to our application of the theatre, to our perceptions of beauty, we benefit or we are injured. To attach only a sex significance to the undraped figure, is to create a moral irritant instead of the mental irritant towards the enjoyment of our ideals of beauty.

My own acquaintance with the theatre has been limited because my duties have prevented me from attending it very often, but acquaintance with the "artist nature" compels a sense of respect due the theatre. Such men as Forbes-Robertson, Beerbohm Tree, E. H. Sothern are men who represent great distinction of character and mind, inspiring figures of far-reaching influence in the world. In the presence of a great artist we are in the presence of a man in high places. Henry James expressed the idea splendidly when he was asked by a young literary aspirant how to become a novelist:

"Learn to understand the smallest detail of your experiences in life," he said.



THE artist is involved with extraordinary brain and intuitions to do this. He feels and translates the smallest impressions of life to the storehouse of his artistic memory. To the artist in the theatre all formula of ideas gather an impulse of ideals, because artists seek only the motive of beauty in their active minds, the purpose of inspiration to others. All the traditions of the theatre lead to the conclusion that it is a place of far greater importance in our lives than we, even to-day, fully realize. It is still emerging with us from an existing state of irritating morals in human nature, to a clearer understanding of the relations between men and women. The theatre seizes the heart, the brain, or the sex issues with indiscriminate consequences. Nevertheless, it has perhaps done more to emancipate ideas of the latter issue than is fully realized. It has taught us that the unclothed figure can be as beautiful, as inspiring

as a marble sculpture or an exquisite painting. It has shown us the relationship of the dance to music, gives us a better appreciation of music. This is true, of course, because dancing was the first human indication of rhythm, the first impulse to harmony and thought in music. All the masterpieces of the earlier composers were some form of dance set to music. The Bible doesn't mention the theatre, but it does speak of dancing very often. The earliest religious symptoms were expressed in some sacred form of dancing.

I never realized the full expression which dancing conveys until I happened one day to see a performance given by Isadora Duncan at the Metropolitan Opera House interpreting Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. At first, I was startled by certain audacity of costume. The symphony I knew by heart, having studied it in college, analyzed it closely bar by bar. I degrees the identity of the dancer was lost in the extraordinary interpretation of Beethoven's genius. Her presence was not in the flesh, but in the spirit of a masterpiece. She made music with her body, with her movement, with her mind. It seemed to me as though I had never understood the Seventh Symphony so well, in spite of the personal study I had given it. Later I saw her interpretation of the *Marseillaise* and the impression was stirring to a degree. It seemed to me that audiences who watch dancers in musical-comedy or in vaudeville must gather something of the unwritten enjoyment in it, as it came to me then. They may not always see the best dancing, it may not be the art of that is talked about among them, but there is in all dancing an element of joyous, idealic suggestion that inspired.



MUSIC and dancing are the allied arts that have been tributed chiefly to the ultra-modern ambitions—self-expression. The theatre is always that, an effort to urge upon us self-expression; to enlarge our vision of life. No one can imagine for a moment that President Wilson's preference for musical-comedy and vaudeville reflects upon the value of Shakespeare, or Ibsen, or melodrama. It only justifies the claim that the theatre is a mental stimulant according to our needs. The mind that is keyed up to the highest tension of intellectual work seeks amusement in some different application of thought, turns the force of mind upon the stimulus of cleverness and beauty.

I do not remember ever going to the theatre without being stimulated, without being refreshed to some degree. It is so with a great majority of theatregoers. Only the hysterical, or the imbecile, or the vicious fail to enjoy the mental stimulant of the theatre because it is an institution of deeper relation to human nature than appears to represent. Especially is it important as interpretation for the inarticulate nature, the men and women who are confronted with the unsolved problems of their daily lives. I understand themselves, and the theatre helps them to do this. Just as in the early awakening of the human race to express its divine instincts there were sacred dances, barbaric torchlight





Al'rite

BILLIE BURKE AND HENRY MILLER IN THE  
REVIVAL OF DUMAS' COMEDY "A MARRIAGE OF  
CONVENIENCE" AT HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE



spectacles, which represented the symbolism of religion, so, the theatre to-day is still struggling with the human race to emancipate itself from defective thought and feeling. It has discovered that the commercial value of any fine art is immeasurable, and the discovery is gradually eliminating the commercial instinct pure and simple. It would be magnificent if it should never intrude itself as it does sometimes, I believe, as a first consideration in production.

A fine performance of Hamlet is perhaps of no greater value to the purposes of beauty in the theatre than good music or good dancing. Each in their way are a stimulant towards self-expression which human nature craves and aspires to.

The imaginative appeal of the theatre, to a normal audience, is an education; to the defective, the sensual, the abnormal person, it is what it is never intended to be,—a moral irritation. A modern psychologist recently discovered that shell-shock is a paralysis of reason. The victim imagines himself blind, or speechless, or mangled. It is a hysteria feeling. The theatre has emerged from that phase of sensationalism. It has begun to discriminate between the abnormal and the normal in self-expression.

The prodigal son has often learned the folly of life through some experience in the theatre. His youth has deceived him, as it often does when he has been brought up blindly, and he gets his first vision of beauty on the stage. But he need not feel that the shame and disaster of that experience is through his own lack of wisdom, it is the unwisdom of his parents who have failed to open his eyes soon enough. The theatre has been regarded as a place of danger to the young, because it too frankly inspires the true things of life. That, however, is not the fault of the theatre,—it is the fault of stupid traditions about sex. Women are changing their tradition; the emergencies of the war are bringing us to a reasonable outlook. The oriental idea that women were the property of men declared in the Laws of Moses alienated our knowledge of women's true relation to men. The theatre, rebellious, reaction-

ary always, has managed to emancipate our views by the stimulant of its performances. With the advent of Christendom, the oriental idea was defeated, and with it the menace of paganism.

These are theories that bring the theatre into close alliance with religion, and all that religion tries to achieve for the progress of the human race; therefore, we cannot fail to have a real respect for it.

The first actor, clothed in his goat-skin attempted to symbolize the tragedy of life. The modern actor, clothed in the costume of his part, symbolizes the happiness, the laughter, the beauty, the music of life.

The emergencies of war have had their reflex on the theatre also. For instance, the Canadian Government has been donating money to the families of soldiers who have been left behind, for amusement, in order that they might go to the movies. The moving-picture has been recognized as a means of keeping the family in good spirits, which is regarded as an asset for the soldier. They want him to know that his family is cheerful. It has even been regarded as a healthful necessity, to keep the family from getting downhearted.

In England, Ben Greet has been giving Shakespearean performances all over Great Britain, having presented eleven of Shakespeare's plays. In talking recently with some of the men in the important official relation of the war, I find that they are especially happy to avoid conversation on war matters, pleased to be in a social atmosphere, glad to have anything to distract their minds from war. That is why they enjoy the opera, and interesting dinner parties.

It is my own impression, because of these war emergencies, that the theatres made a great mistake in raising their prices at the beginning of the war. There should have been some attempt at popular prices, not only as a competition with the movies, but as a sort of war contribution by the theatres to the mental cheerfulness of the people distracted by separation from those they love, by the unusual war labors put upon them, and by the world tumult in thought and action.

I have never read a war speech or a article that was so persuasive to me as Irette Taylor in "Out There."

My impressions would not be complete their relation to the theatre, if I did not refer to the abuse of the uses of "*The Star Spangled Banner*" in our theatres. I am absolutely censured when some cheap little makeshift orchestra, perhaps a piano and a violin, waltz out our national anthem and several hundred intelligent people are expected to stand awe-inspired, during the process.

I was impressed the other day at Carnegie when I saw "*Medea*" and "*Iphigenia*." Walter Damrosch's orchestra played "*The Star Spangled Banner*" in a way to take the roof off make the audience rise to its feet with enthusiasm. I happened to sit next to Mr. Damrosch at a dinner a few days after, and to him of my delight. He explained that it was the standardized version that he and a committee, at the request of Washington, had worked out from the five current versions. This rendering had been held up in Washington for authoritative use by objections sent him from music publishers of the old version.

Mr. Damrosch's new version of "*The Star Spangled Banner*" takes the anthem much largely away from the string instrument and puts it in the brass, with a tremendous roll of drums at the end which is thrilling. Played as he played it, it is only second in emotional value to the "*Marseillaise*" and something the country may well be proud of. It would be a fine thing if the theatres could be brought into line in this matter and either have orchestras at all or adequate music, both for the *entracte* and for the national anthem. I am sure that most theatre audiences attend plays that are worth seeing, are intelligent enough to prefer their own conversation to fiddle and some cheap cuffer of the ivories.

By all means, let us respect the theatre. President, in demonstrating the value of musical-comedy and vaudeville performances in these tragic times, has given the theatre the greatest stimulus, he has demonstrated that it is a place of normal amusement, instead of a place of problematic debate.

## APPRECIATION

To Captain Vernon Castle, R. F. C., killed at his post, February 15th, 1918

By ELROY FOOTE



TULIPS and lilies on a sunny slope  
Hide now the spot where your dear form  
is laid, since Easter Day.  
Encased in stone, protected from the horrors of  
the earth,  
And wrapped in the great glory of your flag.  
My selfish heart protests against "God's Way."  
Dear Heart! I should not grudge to you this  
sudden rest,  
For you are honored more than any king;  
And all the world proclaims you Hero now  
While your brave spirit inspires fighting men  
To give their all—as you gave everything.

What joy there must have been in that great space  
That we call Heaven—to see you come  
On glorious wings of Duty and great love;  
Taking your place among the countless dead  
Who hover o'er this sad and blood-stained earth,  
Beseeching us to lift our eyes above.



Hill  
The late Captain Vernon Castle

I was your mother only in the law;  
But I adored you always, and could feel  
Each ray of happiness that lit your mobile  
Reflected in my heart; as did each creeper  
shadow  
Leave on me its trace.  
How proud I was you chose my family  
for yours;  
For I could read your heart, and tell  
That all your manly traits were gentle-born  
And all your faults were those of overtaken  
ness to every living thing.  
How few could walk the path of fame so well

This bed of blossoms thru my tear-dimmed  
Spreads out and up to the horizon's rim,  
And when I cross it—who can tell us how so  
I'll look for you among my beloved dead,  
Sure of the outstretched arm and tender  
You always gave to me—your "Mother Day"





Hartsook

**RALPH KELLARD**

Who has been leading man in two Broadway successes this season—"Eyes of Youth" and "Nancy Lee"



© Strauss-Peyton

**FRITZ LEIBER**

Lending Robert B. Mantell admirable support in a repertoire of classic plays on tour



Evans

**SAXON KLING**

One of the Washington Square Players who has acted juvenile leads with Margaret Anglin, Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller



Beidler

**IRVING BEEBE**

Who was a student at Yale when Henry W. Savage saw him in an amateur performance and engaged him for "Have a Heart"



Beidler

**FELIX KREMBS**

Seen with Jane Cowl recently in the war play, "Lilac Time" and to appear shortly on Broadway in a new piece

ON THE THEATRICAL FIRING LINE



# BOOKING ACTORS FOR "OVER THERE"

*Players at mammoth meeting discuss work of the theatre in France*

By MONTROSE J. MOSES



THE actors of America have been told by E. H. Sothern and Winthrop Ames, "The soldier needs you." These two gentlemen have just returned from the battlefields of France, and they have brought from General Pershing what might be called an Army order.

The Y. M. C. A. selected Mr. Sothern and Mr. Ames as their representatives, to go to the "huts" near the front, and to see what improvements could be made for the better comfort of the boys. They visited the British, Canadian, and American lines, witnessing and giving performances. They talked with the American soldiers, and Mr. Sothern read to them; and they tested the acoustic properties of the "huts," taking into account the booming of nearby guns and the noise of hobnail shoes on the wooden floors. They were received as brothers by the men—one soldier asked Mr. Ames about his laundry which was in another town from which Mr. Ames had just come; another boy asked Mr. Sothern to look up his family, "somewhere in America." Here were two visitors just from home. That is the way Mr. Ames and Mr. Sothern were regarded "over there."

They had many experiences at the front. They went as far as the third line, wearing helmets and gas masks; they slipped in and out of air raids, and saw a duel between French and German planes. They witnessed a kind of stage-management far different from the theatre. Yet in this *melée*, they recognized the need for the theatre, and so, now they have returned to America, they are busy, formulating plans, and organizing "America's Over There Theatre League, with George M. Cohan as its president.



THE object of this association will be to send "shows" and individual players to the front, as fast as transportation arrangements can be made, and passports can be signed. For, as Augustus Thomas said, at a public meeting which launched the undertaking, "Amusement has now become a war commodity," and it must be supplied in quantity.

The actors, who are finally chosen for service overseas, will have to don the Y. M. C. A. uniform; they will be soldiers, subject to orders. Mr. Ames said: "The men will be dressed the same as commissioned officers, except that in place of the insignia of the officer's rank, they will wear the red triangle of the Y. M. C. A. The women will wear a long overcoat." Describing the circumstances under which the players will tour the "huts," he continued:

"You will entertain in groups of six, making the trip in one Ford. Each will do an individual bit, and all will unite in a sketch. You will have no trunks. A suit-case must suffice for costumes. The stage will be a platform or tables put together in a 'hut.' If you have any scenery, it will probably be a drop representing the Statue of Liberty in the Harbor of New York."

To this Mr. Sothern added that when he read "Hamlet" to the boys, the "hut" looked as unlike the Castle of Elsinore as could be; so that he had to rouse the imagination of his audience to cover the deficiency.

At the Palace Theatre, in New York, there was recently held a mammoth meeting, to discuss the work of the theatre in France. Mr. Cohan presided. Mr. Ames, Mr. Sothern, Mrs. August Belmont (Eleanor Robson), Augustus Thomas, Sergeant Empey, and others spoke. The simple question was asked of the actors, "Who will go?" There was a general uprising of the audience. Several transports could have been filled then and there. Maude Adams telegraphed that she would go; so did John Drew, Otis Skinner, Donald Brian, Grant Mitchell, Jane Cowl, Frances Starr, William Collier, Julia Marlowe, and a host of others. It looks as though to see anything good at the theatres next year, one will have to visit the third line trenches.



MR. SOTHERN gave this sound advice to those assembled:

"The American soldier is away from home for the duration of the war. How long that will be we do not know. We know his absence will be approaching at least two years, for after the war has been won, the American soldier will remain abroad for eighteen months. This is because America will not take Germany's word, even if she signs another scrap of paper. Those of us who have been accustomed to the theatre, rather than to entertaining must learn a new art. Never in my life before have I recited. But when I found myself 'over there,' I said, I either have to do what is necessary, or else there is no reason for my being here. I envy the vaudeville artist. It is upon the shoulders of the vaudeville people that the bulk of this entertainment will fall."

Winthrop Ames made an interesting address. He said, in part, as follows:

"Some genius realized what the absence of any touch of home in the soldier's life might mean. The Y. M. C. A. in France is the result. Wherever there is a camp, you'll find a Y. M. C. A. 'hut' or house. It isn't decorative. It is made of matched boards, and it looks just like a larger barrack, or a shooting gallery at Coney Island without the paint. It might cost at the outside \$3,000 to put up in America; in France it costs \$15,000, because the lumber has to be smuggled out of Spain or Switzerland under the nose of German agents, and when the army can't spare the men to help put it up, or there are no German prisoners available, it sometimes has to be put up by French women. But it's there in every camp now, with its red triangle over the door, and it is the soldier's home and club and corner grocery store, and church—and it wants to be his theatre.



THERE is always a canteen (or counter) at one end where they sell, at a little less than cost, the minor luxuries that Uncle Sam doesn't supply, such as cigarettes, and hot chocolate and shaving brushes and Sunshine Biscuits. Along one side is a row of plain wooden tables, always crowded, where boys are

writing back to you—letters home. You have noticed the red triangle on the corner of the letter-paper. On the other side is another row of tables where they are playing checkers or cards. There is a little library of books. And here's where the old magazine goes that you put a stamp on and drop into a post-box without address. There is probably a phonograph grinding out "Mother Machree." And at the end, opposite the canteen, is a little platform. This is your stage. Sometimes the 'hut' hasn't even a platform, and they will use two tables together for a stage.

"In some of the more important camps there are separate auditoriums—except that a 'theatrum' is altogether too grand a word, they are just like the other 'huts' except there are no tables or canteen, and they are filled with closely packed benches. Sometimes a little stage has a drop-curtain, oftener it has none. Once in a while the boys have painted a temporary 'back-drop.' It almost always represents New York Harbor with the Statue of Liberty. There may be a little gasoline-engine coughing its life away outside and so you have the luxury of electric lights. Sometimes the light is kerosene lanterns and once in a while candles. But even when there is enough light it's hard to see because the place is filled with smoke.

"You see what happens to the show that depends on scenery and costume.



I DON'T say that the 'huts' are always primitive. In a few towns the Y. M. C. A. has taken over regular theatres equipped with stock scenery, and here more elaborate scenery can be given. But just now, and for some time yet, the general conditions in our camps in France will best be met, and the most useful work will be done, by little companies of from two to six players, each of whom can do some special act or recitation or musical turn, and they combine, for variety, in a one-act play or sketch.

"The fact that you are coming to play will have been chalked up a week ahead of time on a bulletin-board outside the 'hut,' and the 'hut' will be packed with boys to welcome you. They will be standing outside the windows as far as they can hear. If you are late they will wait.

"In getting to one 'hut' where Mr. Sothern was announced to read, our car broke down. You may expect that—and it may be raining, but 'c'est la guerre!' and we were an hour late. The boys had waited all that time, whistling and singing in chorus to themselves amused, but not a one left his seat because he knew that some one else would take it if he did.

"You see it's not only entertainment that we are bringing them, but entertainment from 10,000—Home that's 3,000 miles away.

"You may think that if they are so starved for entertainment as that pretty nearly any show will be good enough to send them. We don't look at our responsibility in quite that way. And there's another and a deeper reason why we ought to send them our very best. Over there in France everything about





Sarony

E. H. SOTHERN

Who went "over there" as  
a Y. M. C. A. worker



The Sothern-Ames party at a ruined chateau near the Marne battlefield. Left to right, E. H. Sothern, Winthrop Ames, E. E. Lyons, Charles H. Steele and Mrs. Winthrop Ames



Disabled soldiers dressing for an amateur performance at the Aldwych Theatre, Australian Y. M. C. A. center in London

THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES IN THE WAR ZONE



has come to have a kind of golden halo. You know how it is yourself when you've been away for a long time. Every man from America seems to them a kind of messenger and representative from 'God's Country,' and every American woman represents, not merely a woman, but his own mother, or wife, or sweetheart."

It must not be thought for one instant, Mr. Ames would leave the impression that our boys are discontented "over there." That is far from being true. But many of them are learning that war is not always a martial affair; it does not always mean charges and fighting. "Quite as often it means digging trenches and feeding mules, and doing all sorts of unsoldierly work until he really almost forgets he's a soldier at all!" There are days when the greatest excitement that can befall our boy in khaki is to be able to play cards, sitting on the edge of his bunk, while "the bunk above comes down so low that it catches him just in the back of the neck." There are other times when he's "all talked out," when there is nothing new to say to his comrade, and when the mail from home is two months late! These are the days of monotony, when the Y. M. C. A. brings him comfort. But these American boys are resourceful; to them life is more often full and interesting than dull. And, as both Mr. Ames and Mr. Sothern attest, "they have such good food that we begged for invitations to the army mess." Looking deeper into the morale of the Expeditionary Forces, the men "over there" are found to be changed beings. Mr. Ames, in his address, throws light on this subject:

"Indeed, every one who has seen our men in France feels that there has come to them a new dignity. It is difficult to express just what the change is—more difficult to guess the reason. It may be partly the self-respect that military discipline brings, it may be—and I think this is a large part of it—that they know that the world has its eyes on them, and that they stand for America in a foreign land. But whatever the

cause, some transformation has taken place. They are no longer boys, but men—men who respect the dignity of their service, men that the American Theatre cannot afford to belittle by sending to them anything but its most respectful best.

"But by best, mind you, I don't mean 'high-brow.' Men they may be, but when they're at play they are just great, happy, wholesome, fine American boys. They haven't lost their sense of humor. For instance, one division has taken for its motto: 'See America First.' They don't want you to lose your sense of humor, when you come to them. They want cheerfulness and gaiety, and clean laughter, and good catchy music, and stirring recitations, and little swift plays—oh, anything that's good of its kind, and well done, and that is 'Made in America.'"

"That's it—made in America. You'll never realize how much it will mean to those boys to have you come 3,000 miles to serve them—how much they need you—till you stand before your first audience and get their welcome. I envy you that feeling.

"If any one of you who ought to go, but who isn't willing to take the little trouble, and sacrifice the little money, and undergo the little hardship and perhaps the little risk, to help those boys who are every day undergoing so much more for you—well, I'm not sorry for the boys. Somebody else will take your place. But I *am* mighty sorry for you. You will be missing a great experience, and losing a greater opportunity—the opportunity to serve in person in this war.

"Our Allies, the English and the French, who have borne the burden so long, will bear it longer still. They will hold the line—hold it indefinitely. But it is up to America to supply the fresh power needed to turn this tug-of-war into Victory, and hurl the might of democracy across that line into Germany.

"We of the theatre can personally help to speed this Victory, because our men will fight

better if we keep them happy and contented in their exile, and because in addition to entertainment we can bring the unspoken message that America is with them and behind them every day and every hour.

"The service we are asked to do is not a duty—it is a great privilege."

George M. Cohan said:

"The first thing I would like to do is to apologize for being put at the head of this committee. As far as I am concerned, I would much rather do whatever little I can do from a distance, but Mr. Ames and Mr. Sothern felt they wanted someone to wave a flag so they called on me. We will try to work this thing out in a practical way, but the thing is, whatever we do do, we don't want to start talking about it and keep talking about it, but we want to get some speed and do it right away."

It is the hope of Mr. Sothern and Mr. Ames that as soon as plans have progressed sufficiently, a rehearsal hall will be erected in New York, exactly a replica of the Y. M. C. A. "hut" abroad. Here the companies will be made ready. For, the instant they reach the other side, they must be prepared for service. The actor will be disillusioned. Art will not be pampered "over there"; it will have to make its way through smoke and noise, and other things which make war.

Sergeant Empey once described an entertainment which was given by his company so near the German guns that he said it was a race between the drummer and a German shell as to which would hit the drum first. But it is doubtful whether any American player will return to America boasting that he has been any nearer the first line trench than ten or twelve miles, if that. One must be prepared to have his "stunt" suddenly cut short by the going out of lights, as the sirens and bugles announce the oncoming of the enemies' aircraft. That is war, and the theatre has become one of the instruments of war.

## THE ACTORS' AND AUTHORS' THEATRE

*Players and authors combine on the "Commonwealth" plan*



HISTORY repeats itself—in the theatre as well as on the battlefield.

Once more New York is experimenting with the "Commonwealth" theatre—that is to say, an organization of players who agree to "carry on" a theatrical enterprise and pool the profits—if any.

The enterprise is styled the Actors' and Authors' Theatre. Its organization arose from the suggestion that much excellent theatrical material goes to waste, or is lost entirely, both for lack of opportunity and a medium of expression. For instance, New York is full of capable actors who never act, because they are never called upon to act. Technically, they are "resting." More vulgarly speaking, they are "out of a job." There are also many plays of more than ordinary merit that never see the footlights because the obstinate theatre manager—commercial and other—persistently refuses to see anything in them. The organizers of the Actors' and Authors' Theatre urge that these two "idle" elements—the unemployed playwright and the unemployed actor—get together and work jointly for public recognition.

The plan takes the practical form of leasing a first-class New York theatre, engaging such players as may lend their co-operation, and producing meritorious plays of untried drama-

tists. The committee has several such plays already in its possession. The first bill presented on May 20th last, comprised "Her Honor, the Mayor," by Arline Van Ness Hines, and a shorter play, "The Good Men Do" by Rupert Osborne. Recognized authors also will not be barred, and several have volunteered to furnish plays. The actors for their services are to receive fifty dollars a week and a share in the profits.

The organization is already well under way. It has acquired the Fulton Theatre and recently gave a dinner to which the leading New York critics and others were invited and at which the details of the plan were made public. Edwin Milton Royle, author of "The Squaw Man," etc., who is president of the organization, acted as chairman. He said that the Actors' and Authors' Theatre did not intend to do startling or freakish things, and the chief innovation was to give \$2 shows for \$1. Augustus Thomas promised his co-operation. He might, he said, be able to give the theatre a play or two of his own—something perhaps a little finer than he gave other theatres. John Corbin had no doubt that much good material was neglected. He cited as an instance the fact that the New Theatre had been so shortsighted as to reject "Kismet," "The Bird of Paradise," and "The

Passing of the Third Floor Back." Paul Meyer thought that the \$1.00 admission a mistake, as New Yorkers were educated to believe that price indicated quality. Others maintained that the intelligent public judged plays by their quality alone.

The scheme of a "Commonwealth" theatre is not new. It was very common a hundred years ago when the drama in this country was still in its swaddling-clothes. The experiment was tried for a time at the old Park Theatre in 1805 and the theatrical pioneers, who blazed untrodden paths through the virgin Western forests, also combined on that plan. Nowhere did the scheme work out with any conspicuous success, although it is true that Tobin's comedy, "The Honeymoon," one of the most popular plays of the early Nineteenth Century, owed its first introduction to America to the Park Theatre's "Commonwealth" players.

Among those present at the dinner of the Actors' and Authors' Theatre were: Augustus Thomas, Mrs. Hemmick, Hilda Sponge, Mrs. Henry B. Harris, Minnie Dupree, Mme. Yorska, Louis K. Anspacher, John Corbin, Clayton Hamilton, Heywood Brown, Edwin Milton Royle, Paul Meyer, Arthur Hornblow, Sam Wallack, Roland B. Hennessey, and others.





Photos White

George Tesman  
(Lionel Atwill)

Mrs. Elvsted  
(Nila Mac)

Hedda  
(Nazimova)

Dr. Brack  
(Charles Bryant)

Act IV. Tesman: "Shot herself! Shot herself in the temple! Fancy that!"

NAZIMOVA IN IBSEN'S "HEDDA GABLER" AT THE PLYMOUTH THEATRE RECENTLY



Rev. William Smythe  
(Wallace Erskine)

Manson  
(Henry Herbert)

Rogers  
(Walter Kingsford)

Auntie  
(Edith Wynne Matthison)

Act II. The vicar's conscience upbraids him for being responsible for his brother's downfall  
SCENE IN CHARLES RANN KENNEDY'S PLAY "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"

NEW YORK SEES TWO NOTEWORTHY REVIVALS



# A NON-COMMERCIAL THEATRE

*Pittsburgh's unique repertory institution where the players  
make their own costumes and paint their own scenery*

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS



TO combine a college course with the technical training of a repertory theatre, fusing the student's general education with the interpretive activities of the stage, seems on the face of it an excellent plan of schooling for the dramatic artist.

The difficulty is to find your college, and your theatre, and to get them together; further, to get them together on such terms that the result shall be an art school, since the whole training must contribute toward making an artist of the student. The Carnegie Institute of Technology, in Pittsburgh, has established such a combination, and has operated it nearly five years. It is now approaching a position from which to report on the experiment, which has been inspected and sympathetically advised by many of the most eminent artists of the stage, including Mr. Sothern, Miss Marlowe, Maude Adams, Otis Skinner, Margaret Anglin and Cyril Maude.

This season, with every man student in khaki, with R. O. T. C. on his collar and military science a daily feature of his schedule, and with every girl putting in her stint for the Red Cross, it is difficult to foretell the future development of the plan. But it is also a good time to take stock of what has been accomplished so far.

The major work of every student in the institute is to take his place in the production of plays in the theatre. So the productions made, indicate the scope of his activity, and, in some degree, the character of his training. In four years the Department of Dramatic Arts has produced sixty-four plays. This means much or little, according to the character of the plays and the productions.



THE Department opened with Shakespeare, and the curtain disclosing "A Midsummer Night's Dream," on the twenty-third of last April, brought on the fifth annual Shakespearean production. The first was "Two Gentlemen of Verona," in 1914, produced by Donald Robertson; then there was "Much Ado about Nothing," put on by Douglas Ross; "A Winter's Tale," and last year a notable production of "Richard II," directed by B. Iden Payne, who, by the way, has been an associate professor at Tech for the past three years.

Generally speaking, but one Shakespearean production is made each year, but it is given numerous performances, and eventually numbers among its audiences a good share of the student-body of the high schools of the Pittsburgh district. If this be uplift, make the most of it. The young people of the district have few other opportunities to see Shakespeare enacted, and they welcome this one with delight. They check up the production, too, for a number of them begin reading the play as soon as it is announced, and come prepared to censure if the text be unduly cut or inaccurately spoken.

A similar step is taken with most of the productions from the standard repertory, and young audiences attend as well the Molière and Sheridan performances, and the occasional presentations of Greek tragedies.

Old and accepted plays are a distinct feature

of the theatre, because they furnish excellent training not easily to be acquired by the young actor in the theatre-at-large. Modern comedies and plays of serious import have an equal place. Several one-act plays are given each year, partly for their value in starting young students with short parts, and partly because they keep busy the members of any particular group which may be left out of the cast of a long play, and who might otherwise be kept waiting for parts. In practice, the Department usually has a half-dozen plays in rehearsal at any given time. The last, and by no means the least interesting, group of titles is that provided by the Dramatic Composition class—new plays written in the school, and, in most cases, produced by the authors, with such supervision as may be needed.



THE Dramatic Composition class is an optional and informal one. It meets in the Round Table Room, and its members bring in their scenarios and eventually their plays, for free discussion, literally, around the table. Out of this open, fluid discussion, plays are chosen by the head of the Department; the successful author chooses his cast, and the play is put in work. The types of play vary widely. Most of the schemes are workable, for the young men and women in the class are continually acting, and are more keenly interested in material which has business- and stage-effect than in the purely literary side of the matter.

A bill of new plays, produced in March, included a mid-Victorian gossip's comedy; a short realistic drama of the mill district; a New England comedy of homely sentiment; a romantic melodrama, rich in poetic imagery, of ancient Lapland; and an up-to-the-minute farce, "After the War." This indicates the general range, and the bill left out another work which went on in the following week, a new ballet, built on English country, sword and morris dance movements, and on pantomime to English folk-dance tunes, called "Robin o' the Wode."

For all these plays, scenery, costumes and lighting must be worked out by the students. Nothing goes further to encourage an artistic economy in the scenario than the fact that if you write your play in an inordinate number of scenes, you have an inordinate number of scenes to produce. So long as the student group has the work to do, experiment is likely to be confined to real experiment.



IF you want to do a thing clumsily, just for the sake of being different, your stage crew, (who are your fellow students), will probably protest, or some member of the faculty will tell you how it is commonly done. All scenery and costume is made on the premises, and made by students, with the assistance of their instructors. J. Woodman Thompson, the instructor in scene painting, also conducts a regular class in scene design and model-making.

The idea of all this is not to make the student a Jack-of-all-trades, but rather to make him familiar with the whole mechanism of the theatre before he begins to work too intensively at one phase of it.

Lower classmen naturally have the brunt of manual labor; they must handle scenery, and take some hand in the building of it, and in the simpler operations of scene painting; and during their first year the girls have their share of the sewing incidental to many costume productions. At the same time with this they begin drawing, dancing, sight-singing, and the solid drill, mainly under Professor T. B. Beatty, in diction, gesture and make-up, which is set down in the schedule as Elementary Technic. To those not born with a love for the theatre, it's a dog's life, not long to be endured; to the fortunate ones, it's the best fun in the world.

Four years, we have always thought, is too short a time for the acquirement of technical skill. Also, there is the possibility that the student may already be too old. With these points in mind, Dean E. R. Bossange has recently instituted a Qualifying Course, under Professor Beatty, in which younger students, still in High School, but contemplating admission to the School of Applied Design, may do a limited amount of preliminary work. This plan has met with the co-operation of the Pittsburgh Board of Education, and bids fair to prove important in the future.



A STUDENT may, if he shows talent, concentrate on acting, writing, or production after his second year. Probably the most distinguished production yet made in the theatre was that of Ben Jonson's "Poetaster," which William Poel came from London to put on. During the current season an elaborate "School for Scandal" has been done under Francis Powell, and Whitford Kane has rehearsed "Lonesome-Like" with a student cast. B. Iden Payne has made ten productions in all, acting part of the time as a visiting, and part as a regular, Professor.

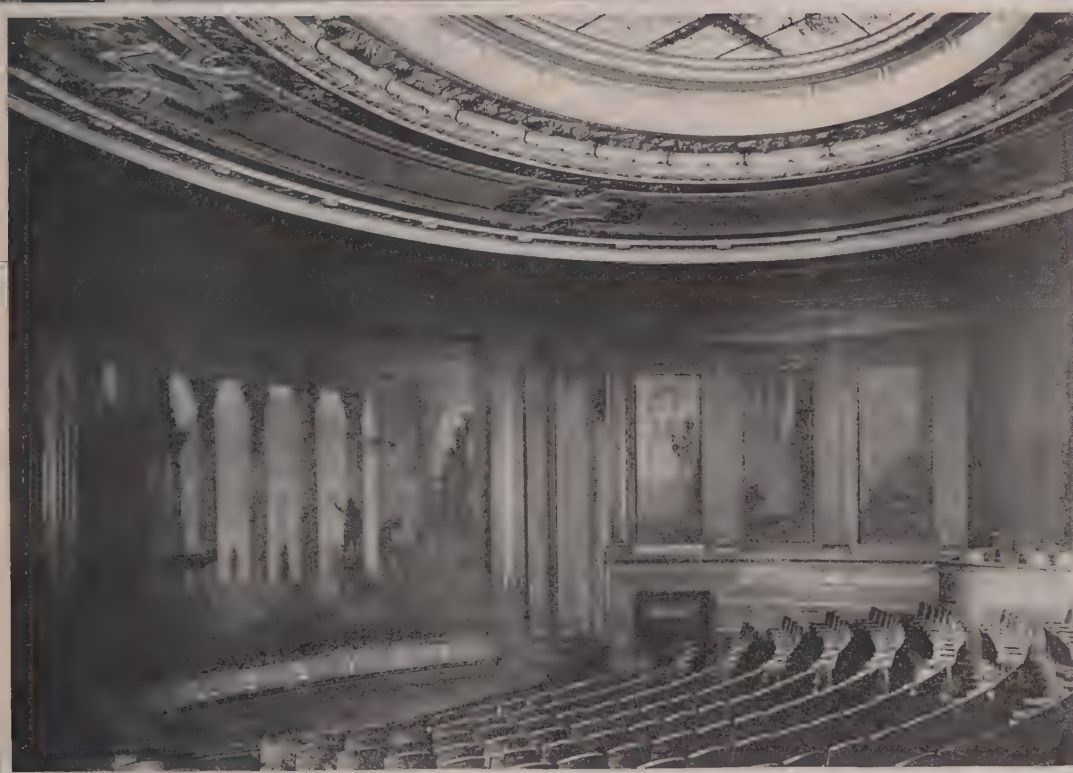
There is no box-office in the theatre, yet it is filled for about sixty performances a season. The audiences are of various types; there is the formally invited one, for a half-dozen or so of first nights each year, composed of the trustees and officials of the Institute, the University, and the city, with their families; then there are numerous and different audiences at the request of various organizations—the Builders' Exchange, the Chamber of Commerce, the College Club, and the like; the high school audiences; the student audiences from the other Departments of Tech; and the various pay audiences met when plays are given away from the home theatre. In dealing with all these, one vital principle is maintained—that the play, not the student, is being presented.

I have dwelt chiefly on the technical work, but the student is required to dwell almost equally on his collegiate or academic subjects. Along the front of the building are five stone niches; over each niche a word is inscribed: Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Music and Drama. The words are cut deep into the stone. They testify to the world that a training school for artists of the theatre, as for painters, sculptors, architects and musicians, on equal terms, is worthy of establishment by a great technical foundation.





(Above)  
Scene in the  
school's produc-  
tion of Shake-  
speare's "A Win-  
ter's Tale." The  
costumes and  
scenery were all  
made by the stu-  
dents



(Left)  
The magnificent  
auditorium elliptic-  
al in shape, show-  
ing the beautiful  
proscenium cur-  
tain, so designed  
and arranged that  
it forms part of,  
and blends har-  
moniously with the  
general decorative  
scheme



Scene in "The Shadows of Uldane," by Sara  
Evelyn Bennett. Produced in March, 1918



# LUCIEN MURATORE---SON OF MARSEILLES

*The famous French soldier-tenor stirs Americans everywhere with his singing of the universal hymn of freedom*

By PITTS SANBORN



NO artistic manifestation stirred New Yorkers more deeply this Spring than Lucien Muratore, son of the ancient city of Marseilles, singing the battle-song of that city's revolutionary soldiers, the "*Marseillaise*." Aside from the accident of birth, not a man is better fitted to sing the universal hymn of freedom than that soldier-tenor of Marseilles and France. He has the voice to rouse the multitude, the big, rich, virile voice, vibrant with the enthusiastic French soul behind it. Then he has himself been a soldier of this world war, patiently serving for many weary months in the trenches, actually fighting the enemy hand to hand. A subtle something out of that experience communicates itself to his hearers, especially to all soldiers that hear him, something you would await in vain from a singer who has not been in the thick of battle. Incidentally, this stalwart son of Marseilles looks the soldier he was.

The part M. Muratore played in the third Liberty Loan campaign, singing the "*Marseillaise*" before excited throngs at the Metropolitan Opera House, in armories, from the steps of public buildings, to our gathering national army in the camps, even in St. Patrick's Cathedral, can hardly be overestimated. At the thrill of his voice the tightest purse-strings opened eagerly, the hardest hearts relented.



THE good work he did in the trenches, having obeyed the call of his country as implicitly as the humblest peasant boy, he has thus carried on here. As a diligent Liberty Loan booster, as a living exemplar before the people of what every Frenchman is at heart, whether he be the tenor-idol of the Paris public or a coalheaver from Auvergne, Marshal Joffre or a muleteer of Joffre's own Pyrenees, M. Muratore for us Americans has nobly done his bit.

The story of Lucien Muratore, *poilu*, does not differ from that of a million other *poilus* who have done their duty. Called to the colors at the outbreak of the war, he left Paris to join his regiment on August 2, 1914. His regiment, the 115th Territorials, belonging to the 41st Division, was stationed in the Vosges Mountains, first in the neighborhood of Belfort, later at St. Dié. During the twelvemonth he spent in the trenches he took part in several battles, and it may be said for him that more than once he bagged his *Boche*. When illness interrupted his active career as a soldier, he was sent to a hospital at Lyons. Then, on September 17, 1915, he was "*reformé* No. 2," as the French say, for final honorable retirement on account of physical disability.

As soon as his health permitted, he resumed his

career as a singer and came to this country, where, before the war, he had already sung in concerts and with the Chicago, Philadelphia and the Boston opera companies, to be a member of the new Chicago Company under the direction



LUCIEN MURATORE  
In his regimental uniform

of Cleofonte Campanini. In Chicago, M. Muratore was speedily hailed as the inheritor of the Jean de Reszké mantle, a verdict New York confirmed last winter.

Jean de Reszké made a special place for himself here in the nineties as a singing actor of superb presence, romantic imagination, and polished vocal art. The Jean de Reszké tradition M. Muratore has brought back to the American stage. It is as a singing actor, an impersonator, an operatic artist in the full sense of the word that we think of M. Muratore. He has a rich and expressive voice and is a singer of fine schooling and skill, but the singer never runs away from the impersonator; he is always subordinated to the spirit of the rôle. This nice adjustment of sometimes warring elements in operatic art M. Muratore achieves as few

singers ever have because he is an actor as few singers have ever been. He even had the strict French training for the dramatic stage and carried off at the Conservatory of Marseilles first prizes in tragedy, comedy, and diction, as well as in such musical branches as saxophone, bassoon, and *solfège*!

To supplement that training he began while still in his 'teens to act young lovers in the spoken drama and even reached a theatre as exalted and exacting as the Paris Odéon. What other tenor can truthfully boast that he has sung in opera with Melba and acted in comedy with Réjane? With such a tenor voice in the balance, opera inevitably absorbed M. Muratore, and after he had studied singing at the Paris Conservatory, a triumphant operatic career took the former actor of young lovers in turn to the Opéra Comique of Paris, the Monnaie of Brussels, the Opéra of Paris, and the leading lyric theatres of the two Americas. But the tenor never forgot the actor; indeed, it is possible for the tenor to be operatically the artist he is because he has always remained the actor.



THIS superior technique as an actor is a joy to all seasoned observers of opera, even more so in what its possessor does not do than in what he does. The ordinary tenor bent on expressing emotion flops and rants and rages all over the scene. M. Muratore can hold an audience riveted to the wink of an eyelash without moving from one square yard of that stage. Like all great actors he has the secret of making an audience come to him, so to say, by the sheer magnetic force of his presence—just by being there.

Hardly less remarkable than this mastery of histrionic technique is the versatility of M. Muratore. A man of splendid physique, of commanding presence, he is clearly fashioned by nature for rôles of heroism and romantic exploit, but his art permits him to assume with success any rôle short of a decapitated midge.

Seeing him as Romeo, Faust, Prinzivalle, you might doubt his ability to present a Don José that would not wrongly glorify that humbler character into a prince of high romance. And yet no Don José we have seen here has been so completely the simple soldier, a first a rather sullen soldier with a touch of the peasant's savage shyness and suspicion—he does not want to be bothered with Carme and her like—but once bothered, once caught in the net, the Vesuvius in the breast of the simple soldier breaks loose and the rest is one flame.

You might think M. Muratore too big and thundering a personality to indicate the weakness, the mor-

(Concluded on page 386)



French Military Hospital at Lyons, showing M. Muratore (marked X) among the wounded convalescents





From a photograph, copyright, Ira L. Hill

LUCIEN MURATORE AS ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING THE *MARSEILLAISE*

Thousands of people have been stirred by the admirable rendition of the French anthem that M. Muratore has given on the steps of the United States Treasury, the Public Library, Carnegie Hall, New York and at Spartanburg, for freedom and democracy



## IN THE SPOTLIGHT



White

GEORGES FLATEAU

**T**HIS virile young French actor, who made a deep impression upon American audiences as the son with Mrs. Fiske in "Service," went to Verdun the day war was declared in France. He was invalided home from Verdun. While in the last stage of convalescence he came to America. By chance he met the translator of "Service," who cried, "You are an ideal Pierre Eulin. You must meet Mrs. Fiske." M. Flateau is a first prize medalist of the Paris Conservatoire. France recognizes him as one of her most versatile actors. Within ten years he created one hundred and fifty rôles. He has appeared at the Odéon, Antoine, Vaudeville, Variétés, Gymnase and Sarah Bernhardt Theatres. He has supported Antoine, Gémier, Baron, Tarride and Lucien Guitry



Tarr

BONNIE MARIE

**T**HE child was the most pleasing figure in "Once Upon a Time." Critics of Chauncey Olcott's last vehicle referred to her as "The Wonder Child." Bonnie Marie, who by the inexorable nomenclature of private life is Marie Katz, is "eight goin' on nine." In fact, half gone on nine, for she celebrated her eighth birthday in January. She is a pupil of the Stage Children's School at the Rehearsal Club. She is an accomplished toe dancer. Her prior appearances were as one of the Chinese children in "Hitchy Koo" and in "The Happy Ending"



Campbell

THOMAS JAY CARRIGAN

**Y**OUTH, good looks, and an exceedingly natural method, brought Thomas Jay Carrigan into prominence in "The Copperhead." In that latest Augustus Thomas play he was the young lawyer, the promising youth of the village. Earlier in the season he had as pleasingly played the leading male character with his sister-in-law, Edith Taliaferro, in "Mother Carey's Chickens." Mr. Carrigan is a pupil of the Belasco school. His first appearance on the stage was as one of the roystering young officers in David Belasco's production of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." He had an opportunity of which he made the most as the young priest, torn between love and religion, in "The Deadlock," with Edith Wynne Mathison. He made a successful excursion into motion picture land, as actor and director



White

BILLY VAN

**T**HOUGH billed as Billy Van, the principal comedian of "The Rainbow Girl," appears in all legal documents as William Webster Vandergrift. No, not German, but Dutch. In Pennsylvania is a small town that was named in honor of his ancestors from Holland. As many a stage notable he began his career in a circus. In summer he is a New Hampshire hotel keeper, and the year round you may, without rousing his ire, address him as "Judge," for he is a Justice of the Peace of Sunapee, New Hampshire



White

LIONEL ATWILL

**B**EING left a widower in my honeymoon, by the sudden demise of 'The Indestructible Wife,' I consoled myself with the part of Hjalmar in 'The Wild Duck,' says Lionel Atwill, thus explaining how he rose from Hatton to Ibsen. This season has held frequent chances but little inactivity for the brilliant young Englishman. It was not his first Hatton experience. He had played Michael Doyle in "Their Years of Discretion" in London. Grace George commandeered him for her repertoire season at the Playhouse.



# MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



EMPIRE. "BELINDA." Comedy in three acts by A. A. Milne. Produced on May 6th, with this cast:

Belinda Barrington	Ethel Barrymore
Delia	Eve Le Gallienne
Harold Baxter	E. Lyall Swete
Claude Devenish	Richard Hatteras
John Barrington	Cyril Keightley
Betty	Clara T. Bracy

Preceded by Barrie's comedy in one act, "THE NEW WORD," with this cast:

Mr. Torrance	E. Lyall Swete
Mrs. Torrance	Winifred Fraser
Roger	Philip Tonge
Lucy	Mary Balour

**B**ELINDA," which is Ethel Barrymore's latest vehicle, and which was written by one of the editors of *Punch*, is another of those compounds of farce and comedy without either enough situation or enough true character-drawing to make it really amusing.

The piece gives Miss Barrymore an opportunity to be once more the mother of a grown-up daughter. She also falls in love with her own husband, who must have been reading Ibsen eighteen years ago. In any event, he slammed the door of his doll's house and went off to hunt lions in Africa.

While little daughter is being finished in Paris, her mother cajoles the time by submitting to be wooed by two absurd caricatures—a poet and a statistician. After father and daughter have returned, the poet shifts to the girl, and the statistical party finds consolation in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Such is "Belinda." Obviously it makes but small demands on Miss Barrymore, who merely has to be her own charming everyday self throughout the three short acts. Eva Le Gallienne is the daughter, and the always winsome Cyril Keightley is the truant husband.

As a curtain-raiser, Barrie's "The New Word" is revived. E. Lyall Swete, who plays the comedy statistician in "Belinda," is the British father in the lovable sketch. His acting is exceptional, quite surpassing that of Norman Trevor in the same rôle last spring. Philip Tonge does well, too, as the son, a part formerly played by Gareth Hughes.

HENRY MILLER'S. "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE." Comedy in four acts by Alexandre Dumas;

adapted by Sydney Grundy. Revived on May 1st, with this cast:

Comte de Candale	Henry Miller
Comtesse de Candale	Billie Burke
Marton	Lucile Watson
The General	Frank Kemble Cooper
Chevalier de Valclos	Lowell Sherman
Jasmin	Frederick Lloyd
An Officer	Lewis Sealy
A Suisse	Lynn Hammond

**I** DON'T think I'd be far wrong if I ventured to assert that the revival of "A Marriage of Convenience" at Henry Miller's beautiful new theatre was something in the nature of a necessitated stop-gap.

Well, let the reason go, the fact remains it was a happy inspiration for the comedy, though written by the elder Dumas in 1841 and revised by Sydney Grundy, is delighting large and up-to-date audiences by its sparkling wit, its happy exposition of magnificent manners and the really fascinating method by which a very old story is retold.

Superlatives are needed to describe this production. The single set is a superb example of the Louis XV period in its most elegant taste. The costumes are marvels of cut and richness of texture and the acting of the kind that develops the highly rarefied atmosphere of artificiality so needed in the proper presentation of the modes of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Miller himself is a delightful figure as the Comte de Candale. Distinguished in manner, elegant in speech and bearing, he typifies in compelling fashion, the man of the world, who, marrying for convenience, finds that he truly loves his own wife.

Billie Burke was a revelation as the young bride. Never did she look so pretty, and never did she play with such charming simplicity and real undercurrent of deep and abiding feeling.

Frank Kemble Cooper, tried and sure on all occasions, lent capital distinction to the uncle of the old régime; while Lowell Sherman, occasionally too modern, was highly impressive and diverting as the figure in the triangle who eventually worked out the happy solution. Lucile Watson and Frederick Lloyd completed a beautiful picture.

COMEDY. Washington Square Players. "THE HOME OF THE FREE,"

comedy by Elmer L. Reizenstein. "LONESOME-LIKE," comedy by Harold Brighthouse. "SALOME," tragedy by Oscar Wilde. Presented on April 22nd, with these players:

Saxon Kling,	Elizabeth Patterson,
Florence Enright,	R. E. McDonald,
Kate Morgan,	Marjorie Vonnegut,
Whitford Kane,	Fenimore Merrill,
John King,	John Gibbs,
Ian Keith,	Luray Butler,
Walter Street,	Emily Boileau,
Laura Howe,	Mary Claytes,
Joan MacKayle,	Olga Hammerslaugh,
Gertrude Phillips,	Rollo Peters,
Gareth Hughes,	Eugene Lincoln,
Jay Strong,	Harold Winston,
James Skinner,	Mme. Yorska,
Edward Balzerit,	Walter Hampden,
Louis Calvert,	Helen Westley

**I**F Benvenuto Cellini expended his exquisite skill upon ignoble subjects, the result was none the less a work of art.

Degeneracy is an ignoble subject matter, but as treated by Oscar Wilde in his "Salome," the result is something very skilfully polished, if wanting in æsthetic appeal. It's absurd to pooh-pooh this piece, for even if you don't care for its theme, it is a finished and poetical study in pathological decadence worked out with cumulative power.

As produced by the Washington Square Players, it presented them in a flattering histrionic light. The setting was finely attuned to the play, the costumes brilliantly artistic, the lighting admirable in its helpful relation to the dénouement of a hideous tragedy.

As guest players, Louis Calvert and Mme. Yorska were entrusted with Herod and the title rôle.

A fine actor is Calvert. Or account of his physical bulk, there was but one way to play the bestial tetrarch with Silenus-like abandon. It was a vital impersonation he gave, superb in its sustained vigor, reading the rôle with an understanding that revealed the every characteristic of the cruel, superstitious voluptuary.

If the dance of the seven veils was hardly convincing, it was a fine picturesque rendering that Mme. Yorska gave of Salome. Graphically realistic in its gruesome detail was her handling of the revolting scene with the decapitated head.

Spiritually fine and noble was Walter Hampden as John the Baptist, while Rollo Peters was nobly impressive as the young Syrian.

Helen Westley was the Herodias.



Miss Westley has done much fine and finished work with the organization, but by neither temperament nor method is she fitted for the wicked consort.

"Home of the Free," which opened the bill, is a bright bit of satiric writing by Elmer L. Reizenstein. Its curtain has a delicious surprise; while "Lonesome-Like," by Harold Brighthouse, is a touching sketch of wholesome humanity nicely acted by Kate Morgan and Whitford Kane.

COHAN. "SERVICE." Play in two acts, by Henri Lavedan. English version by William C. Taylor. Produced on April 15th, with this cast:

Colonel Eulin	Lee Baker
Lieutenant Eulin	Georges Flateau
General Girard	Roger Lytton
The Minister of War	Rikel Kent
Madame Eulin	Mrs. Fiske
Pauline	Alex Fior

AS in "The Copperhead," the central figure of "Service" is a government secret agent, who cannot reveal his business to his suspicious wife and son. In fact, it is a poor, ill-favored war play story, or movie, nowadays that does not boast a misunderstood spy. "Service" is quite the most powerful of the lot.

Colonel Eulin's wife, who has already lost one son to Mars, and the Colonel's youngest son, Pierre, a lieutenant of artillery, are both—to his infinite sorrow—pacifists. Pierre has invented one of the war-ending explosives (that never turn out to end anything but life), and he is resolved to destroy the invention. His father, however, gives the explosive to France and accepts a mission which means his own death.

A stormy scene between father and son comes to an end when the mother threatens suicide. A little later she learns that her second son has been assassinated in Morocco by the enemy, and the family is at last united in its determination to avenge its own and the nation's wrongs.

Mrs. Fiske is not convincing as Madame Eulin. In her appeals to husband and son the real maternal note is at all times lacking. As usual, her speech was inarticulate; much of the time I could not tell whether she was reading her lines in the original French of Lavedan, or in William C. Taylor's excellent translation. Lee Baker and Georges Flateau, as the father and son, proved highly capable.

"Service" is preceded by Dunsany's *pièce à faire peur aux enfants*, "A Night at an Inn." The chief trouble with this "thriller," is that the audience titters at the wrong times.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. One-act plays. Produced on April 18th, with these players:

Frank Conroy, Clare Eames, Harold Meltzer, Joseph Dailey, Helen Robbins, Francis McDonald, Everett Glass, Ruth Boyd, Joseph Macaulay, Margaret Fareleigh, John Ahearn

FOR its newest programme, the Greenwich Village Theatre has provided a small portion of drama diluted with much chatter. There is a Joan of Arc piece by Harold Brighthouse, in which it takes a British and a French soldier an interminable time to explain to the Maid why France and England should now be allies. The sketch is puerile in the extreme. The setting is picturesque.

Then comes "Ile" (why the apostrophe?). It is by Eugene O'Neill, who learned how to write plays from Professor Baker at Harvard. The captain of a whaler has kept his ship, crew and wife, two years in the icefields, and he refuses still to start home until his ship is filled with whale-oil. Eventually, after much repeated argument, the wife loses her mind, and it is a mercy that the audience doesn't follow suit.

The third, last and best playlet is Schnitzler's "The Big Scene," a conventional satire on the artistic temperament. An actor, who has been all men except himself, is forgiven by his patient Griselda of a wife for betraying her with a young girl. But when he lies histrionically to the girl's lover, the wife revolts and threatens to leave home. A few moments later the actor, made up for Hamlet, by another bit of mumming regains the wifely devotion. Bosworth's "Sea Wolf" in vaudeville is far bigger.

The best of the acting was done by Clare Eames, a recent dramatic school graduate, as the tragedian's wife. Mr. Conroy played the actor as if he were giving a third-rate imitation of Arnold Daly. The rest of the histrionism is generally amateurish.

48TH STREET. "THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME." Play in three acts, by Lechmore Worrall and J. E. Harold Terry. Presented on April 3rd, with this cast:

John Weston, M. P.	John L. Shine
Miss Myrtle	Florence Edney
Fraulein Schroeder	Louise Muldener
Percival Pennicuik	Philip Leigh
Dalphore Kidlington	Nancy Winston
Molly Preston	Charlotte Ives
Fritz	John Burkell
Miriam Lee	Katharine Kaelred
Christopher Brent	Albert Brown
Mrs. Sanderson	Amelia Bingham
Carl Sanderson	A. H. Van Buren
Corporal Atkins	J. Casler West

WITH colloquial embellishments of a highly local patriotic color, "The White Feather" after an interval of a couple of years, has returned to us under its original English title, "The Man Who Stayed at Home," and now holds the boards at the 48th Street.

It is polite parlor melodrama and to those who are not over-particular as to stage subtleties, either of character or action, this ingenuous piece by Messrs. Worrall and Terry will have its appeal. That certain Americans like it, is evidenced by the fact that it recently ran for nineteen weeks in Pittsburgh and thirty-two in Boston.

In the present production, there is no effort made to soften its incongruities. It is acted with unrestrained vigor by a cast that includes Amelia Bingham, Philip Leigh, Louise Muldener, Charlotte Ives, and Katharine Kaelred. Albert Brown is extravagantly happy as the protagonist—he plays it as a silly ass; and John L. Shine acts the fatuous M. P. with all the explosive comicalities attaching to mid-Victorian farce. A. H. Van Buren is dignifiedly sincere as an arch-villain, and there is character and force supplied by John Burkell as a fellow-conspirator.

COHAN. "THE KISS BURGLAR." Musical romance in two acts. Book and lyrics by Glen MacDonough, music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced on May 9 with this cast:

Aline, Grand Duchess of Orly,	Fay Bainter
Mr. E. Chatterton-Pym	Cyril Chadwick
Mrs. E. Chatterton-Pym	Grace Field
Miss Harte	Janet Velie
Bert DuVivier	Armand Kalisz
Tommy Dodd	Harry Clarke
Oswald Gayly	Denman Maley
Colonel Trotovitch	E. Payton Gibbs
Mr. Toby	Richard Dore
Miss Tinkle	Evelyn Cavanaugh

THE only excuse that I can see for "The Kiss Burglar" is Fay Bainter. Whenever that petite and fascinating young person is absent from the stage—which is, alas, far too much of the time—the piece drags insufferably and is quite submerged in its own mediocrity.

There is a scrappy plot compounded of hackneyed ingredients, wherein a fleeing American in Trieste dashes into the bedroom of a grand duchess, is mistaken for a burglar, takes a kiss instead of diamonds, and of course makes an indelible impression. Later he returns to the United States and opens a divorce, alimony, and breach of promise parlor.

So much for the romance. The "comedy" is supplied by a counter-





Photos White

Denman Maley

Fay Bainter



Harry Clarke

Cyril Chadwick Fay Bainter E. Payton Gibbs

The burglar is an American, who, while in Trieste, got into a gambling quarrel and found refuge in the boudoir of a Grand Duchess. There, instead of the jewels she offered him, he took only a kiss and left. But the memory of the moment lingers in the lives of both, and is renewed in our American midst, where the Duchess has found refuge from the war. What one



Harry Clarke

Denman Maley

Fay Bainter

sees on the stage is mainly an amusing travesty of the incident. For the purposes of society publicity a press agent stages what is in effect a travesty of the kiss-burgling. Denman Maley enters the Duchess's boudoir as a pretended thief. The Duchess on her part, is thrilled at what she takes for a repetition of the romance in Trieste

## SCENES IN "THE KISS BURGLAR" A NEW MUSICAL ROMANCE



part incident. A stupid fellow is persuaded to repeat the burglarious exploit in order that the duchess's American hosts may get their names in the papers. The only really amusing scene is that in which the ivory-domed individual, having been carefully coached for the encounter, is entertained by the duchess, who reclines in black lace pajamas amid the luxuriance of a couch which "lacks a running-board."

This scene is so animated by the delightful Miss Bainter that it is a blessed relief after the inanity which precedes it. Later, of course, she meets the original burglar (who for some reason or other is usually referred to as a highwayman). And when she has been duly convinced that he is not really a thief I presume she makes him the grand duke. Not all the audience remained to find out.

Armand Kalisz is the romantic person who is accused of burglary. Denman Maley, who plays the boob second-story man is funny only now and then.

No one else in the cast wins any considerable amount of undying fame. The music is reasonably catchy at times and generally noisy enough to satisfy even the most exacting of our up-to-date jazzers.

As for the chorus—well, I suppose that by this time all the good-looking girls have become conductorettes.

COMEDY. Washington Square Players. "CLOSE THE BOOK" by Susan Glaspell. "THE ROPE" by Eugene O'Neill. Produced on May 13.

For a supplementary season at the Comedy the Washington Square Players compiled a new bill consisting of four one-act plays. Two had done service before in conjunction with the presentation of "Salome." Two were new to the Longacre district, though they were originally tried out by the Provincetown Players at their tiny workshop in Macdougall Street. One was distinctly worth transplanting; the other, far-fetched and futile, added nothing to the reputation of its author, Susan Glaspell. "Close the Book" was a sad falling off from either "Trifles" or "Suppressed Desires." It was intended as a cynical review on the narrowness of life in a small university town and a satiric glimpse at the youthful enthusiasts who find their only outlet in a breach of the conventions. The skit started off well and the character of Jhansi, the young wom-

an who believed herself gypsy-born and longed for the "great broad way and a tare of berries and nuts," only to find that her father ran a milk route was a well-drawn character, but long before its close the story faded into nothing but talk. It was acted for its full value by Florence Enright, Elizabeth Patterson and Helen Westley.

Eugene O'Neill, author of "The Rope," is a young playwright to be reckoned with. His copy reads as well as it acts and that is saying much. There is real literary worth to Mr. O'Neill's output. Vigorous and virile, at times truly brutal, it is instinct with a fine observation of life and character while the language rings finely true to both personality and situation. A crazy, miserly, bitter septuagenarian, a plodding daughter and her dissatisfied husband, their half-witted child, a girl, and the old man's son by a second marriage, a waster, work out a story of cruelty, greed and disappointment that is gripping in its force of character delineation and the implied horror and gruesomeness of the subject matter. Whitford Kane is the old man and a most impressive rendering he gives of the crack-brained miser. The idiot is acted in a weirdly comic vein by Kate Morgan. Effingham Pinto brings the joy of youth to the boy Luke and Josephine A. Meyer is characteristically effective as the wife.

The remainder of the bill consists of "Lonesome-Like," Harold Brighouse's admirable study of a bit of Lancashire life, and the Elmer L. Reizenstein snappy skit, "The Home of the Free."

PLYMOUTH. "A DOLL'S HOUSE." Drama in three acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced on April 29th with this cast:

Torvald Helmer	Lionel Atwill
Nora	Mme. Nazimova
Doctor Rank	George Probert
Mrs. Linden	Katharine Emmet
Nils Krogstad	Roland Young
Anna	Amy Veness
Ellen	Charity Finney
A Porter	A. O. Huhn

IF dear, bewhiskered old Ibsen were alive to-day, how amused he would be in reading over the reams and reams of stuff that have been written about his plays and the profound and mystic interpretations his manifold commentators have read into them. Time has vindicated the old war-horse in many ways. From downright abuse to superior condescension the approach was gradual; but like all true reformers he suffered as much from too en-

thusiastic admirers as from the avowed reactionaries.

One fact is manifest, it was he and he alone who worked the marvellous change in dramatic construction, the change that made the playwrights of Great Britain and America recognize that there was more vital interest in human psychology than in applied theatrics.

And here in the year of grace, 1918, a theatre manager conducts a season of ten weeks—and with profit too—offering none but excerpts from the Ibsen repertoire. "A Doll's House," with Nazimova, wound up Arthur Hopkins' first year as manager of the Plymouth. The audiences have been as universally large as they have been cordially responsive. They were properly so. For superior excellence the performances have been of the highest artistic kind. Of his entire theatre no play has such a popular following as "A Doll's House" and though Ibsen wrote it thirty-seven years ago it is still a model for up-to-date playwrights. Its appeal is universal, its delineation of character masterly. Nora is such a wonderful character too that few actresses allow its histrionic opportunities to escape them. Familiarity has therefore fed its popularity.

As interpreted by Nazimova, the child-wife at her hands is an interpretation of marvellous technical brilliancy, unerring in its devotion to the most trivial detail, wonderfully illuminative in the variety of its speech and tingling with the spirit of the child-treated woman, who, through her husband's overwhelming masculine selfishness finally "finds herself." Lionel Atwill as Torvald makes the part finely human and reasonable. His gallery of Ibsen portraits have been a revelation. The sufferings of the consumptive Rank were portrayed with unflinching realism by George Probert, while Katharine Emmet was gentle and moving as Mrs. Linden. Roland Young was the Krogstad. I thought his performance was monotonous.

BRAMHALL. Henderson Players.

"The Return to Mutton," by James N. Rosenberg, is an entertaining bit of loose-jointed comedy. The dialogue is unusual as a result of more or less apt alliteration's artful aid.

It is the dear old triangle. Hubby is mutton, and the lover is characterized as mush. The wife goes to Venice with her absurd young artist, and presently gets sicker of mush than she formerly was of mutton.





(Right)

The mutiny on board ship in "Ile," Eugene O'Neill's sea play at the Greenwich Village Theatre. Joseph Macaulay as the captain (center), Margaret Fareleigh as his wife, and Harold Meltzer, Everett Glass, John Ahearn, Francis McDonald and Nicholas Schannen as the crew



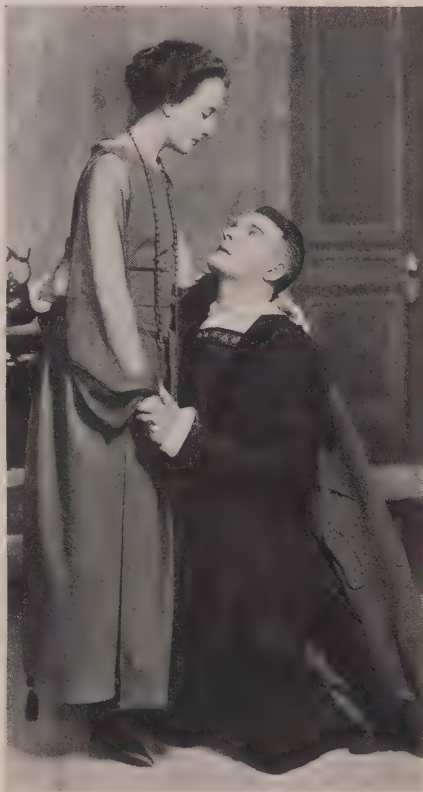
Photos White



Whitford Kane and Marjorie Vonnegut in Harold Brighouse's comedy "Lonesome Like" (Washington Square Players)



Ruth Boyd as Jeanne d'Arc, Helen Robbins as the flower girl, Frank Conroy as the British Tommy and Harold Meltzer as the poilu in "The Maid of France" at the Greenwich Village Theatre



Clare Eames and Frank Conroy in "the big scene" in Schnitzler's play of that name at the Greenwich Village Theatre



# NEW YORK HAILS A NEW HAMLET

*Walter Hampden's portrayal of the most difficult of all Shakespearean roles the best since Edwin Booth, with one exception*

By CLAYTON HAMILTON



**D**URING the months of March and April, in New York, Walter Hampden prepared and played the three gigantic parts of Marc Antony, Macbeth and Hamlet, the lyric part of Oberon, the long part of the young Elihu in "The Book of Job," and the leading part of the Prophet Jokanaan in Oscar Wilde's "Salomé." Most of these performances were shown at special matinées; but the actor's achievement was none the less remarkable on this account, because each characterization was composed as carefully and thoroughly as if it had been intended for a hundred repetitions. Observant critics who found time to follow the swift procession of these six creations are now agreed that Walter Hampden is the ablest American actor of the younger generation in the particular domain of the poetic drama. This artist has waited over-long for recognition of his merit, because of reasons that are easy to explain.

When Walter Hampden first appeared on the American stage ten years ago, after an apprenticeship of seven years in England, it was commonly assumed that he was an English actor. As a matter of fact, he was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. His full name is Walter Hampden Dougherty; and he is a son of the well-known lawyer, J. Hampden Dougherty, and a brother of Paul Dougherty, the celebrated landscape painter. Mr. Hampden graduated from the Polytechnic Preparatory School in Brooklyn, and subsequently took his degree as Bachelor of Arts in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute in 1900.



**T**HE next year he lived in Paris and began to prepare himself for his profession as an actor. He studied reading with Georges Berr (of the Comédie Française); he studied acting with Sylvaïn (the oldest ranking member of the Conservatoire); he studied singing with the leading teacher of the Paris Opéra; and he studied fencing with the skillfullest professionals of France. A year later, he moved to England; and, accepting the advice of his friend, Sir Sidney Lee, he enrolled himself as a pupil of Frank R. Benson (now Sir Frank), whose traveling provincial company offered then (and offers now) the best training-school for actors in the English-speaking world. During his five years of apprenticeship as a Bensonian, Mr. Hampden (at a salary of a pound or two per week) was permitted to play more than seventy parts in Shakespeare and was made familiar with the "business" of more than half of Shakespeare's plays. Sir Frank Benson is hardly a good actor; but he is an excellent director, and he has a knack for launching a Shakespearean production with an *esprit de corps* that is instructive and inspiring to his apprentices.

While still a member of the Benson company, Mr. Hampden had played half a dozen or a dozen parts in "Hamlet," from Marcellus up to Laertes; but his first opportunity to attempt the leading character was thrust upon him suddenly in London, precisely thirteen years ago. Otho Stuart (himself an old Bensonian) had undertaken to present at the Adelphi Theatre

a production of "Hamlet" in which the leading rôle was destined to be played by H. B. Irving (the son of Sir Henry Irving), and Mr. Hampden had been engaged to enact the part of Laertes. Shortly before the first night, Mr. Irving was stricken with acute laryngitis and lost his voice; and Otho Stuart, to evade the closing of his theatre, promoted Mr. Hampden to the part of Hamlet.

Mr. Hampden was, at that time, only twenty-five years old. He wrote to tell me that his performance was merely tentative and left much to be desired; but, shortly afterward I heard from William Archer that Walter Hampden's Hamlet was the finest that had been revealed since the advent of Forbes-Robertson.



**A**FTER seven years of training on the English stage, Walter Hampden returned to his native country and immediately registered a big impression by his rendition of the title-part in Ibsen's "The Master Builder," and his beautiful creation of the Christ-like and supernal leading character in Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." But, after these initial triumphs, his unusual abilities were allowed to lapse into an innocuous desuetude.

Walter Hampden is, essentially, a poetic actor. He is endowed with an heroic body, an impressive face, a gorgeous voice, and that spiritual attribute which can most quickly be described as a noble soul. These great gifts have been wasted, for several years, in the service of the ordinary sort of drama that is current on Broadway. Mr. Hampden is one of those actors who look better in costumes than they look in clothes, and who sound better in verse or formal prose than they sound in conversation. In a slangy part, in farce or melodrama, this actor may easily be equalled or else excelled by many other artisans; but great poetic characters like Manson, in "The Servant in the House," are not written more than once in a decade.

Reviewing the six big parts that Mr. Hampden acted in New York in March and April, it may be said decisively that he showed himself to the very best advantage in the character of Hamlet.



**H**E played this part at the Cort Theatre on the afternoon of Friday, April 12th, and the morning of Saturday, April 13th, under the auspices of the Shakespeare Playhouse. In reviewing this performance, so careful and conservative a critic as J. Ranken Towse said, in the decorous columns of the *Evening Post*, that Mr. Hampden's Hamlet was the finest that had been disclosed in this country since the death of Edwin Booth, with the single possible exception of Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson's. By this dictum, Mr. Towse rated tacitly this new creation more highly than the admirable effort of E. H. Sothern; and with this verdict the present writer—who holds in very high regard the memory of Mr. Sothern's Hamlet—is willing to concur.

For, indeed, Walter Hampden seems now to have been singled out by destiny as the logical

Hamlet of the newer generation. Both Sothern and Forbes-Robertson have retired permanently from the stage; and no successor to this noble part has been left, in either England or America, except this rising actor who—though only thirty-eight years old—has been studying and practicing this greatest of all characters for nearly fifteen years.

Mr. Hampden's Antony is the most dramatic and most spirited that can be recalled from the experience of the present writer; his Macbeth is competent and satisfactory, but not superlative; but this Hamlet far transcends the customary traffic of our current stage and is worthy of emphatic celebration. Much money might be made by an enterprising manager whose commercial instinct should move him to equip Mr. Hampden with a first-class production of "The Tragedy of Hamlet" and to send this production on a tour of the "week-stands" in this country.

The theatre, in any age, can never get along without an adequate rendition of this most appealing of all plays, and Mr. Hampden's performance is emphatically more than adequate. The present writer has seen every offering of "Hamlet" that has been shown upon the English-speaking stage since the death of Edwin Booth; and, after twenty years of careful thought, the author of this article no longer hesitates to agree with William Archer and J. Ranken Towse that Walter Hampden is the greatest living Hamlet.



**M**R. HAMPDEN reads the early scenes with a spirit of reserve that is almost dangerously quiet; but the sudden flaunting fire shown in later passages reveals the premeditated meaning of the composition.

He does not try to score, like Mr. Sothern, by hitting many times the bull's-eye of a target held aloft by the accommodating Muse of melodrama. Instead, he is content to emphasize the reticent gentility of a veritable prince who was regarded as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." Mr. Hampden is happiest in those moments which unite magnificence with modesty,—such moments, for example, as those which have been registered in the speech to the players and the dialogue with the recorders.

These cited passages, however, were written in prose (albeit the greatest prose in English) and Mr. Hampden's finest gift is his ability for rendering, with perfect justness to the ear, the foot-fall of concordant syllables in verse. His reading of the part of Hamlet is utterly impeccable, except for a false emphasis upon the second syllable of "canonized" in the great speech which opens with the line, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

Considered from all reasonable points of view, Walter Hampden's Hamlet must be regarded as a genuine "event" in theatrical annals of to-day, and must be laid away as something to be thought of many years from now, when the yet unfathomed future will be required to compare notes with the recent past.





*From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg*

## W A L T E R   H A M P D E N   A S   H A M L E T

Is this distinguished young American actor, whose impressive Manson in "The Servant in the House" first attracted the attention of intelligent theatregoers, the coming tragedian who will revive the best traditions of our stage? One of our most conservative critics declares his Hamlet the best since Edwin Booth with the single exception of Forbes-Robertson



# POPULARITY AND THE PRESS AGENT

*Showing how any stage person can be famous who is able to afford it*

By MILDRED CRAM



**P**OPULARITY! What is it? Why is it? I confess I hold my head in wonder, as I suppose they wondered in the days of Alexander the Great. Why, in other words, was he great? The press, my dear....

In my early theatre-going days I was both humble and credulous. I sat at the feet of the great, and worshipped. But in recent years I have learned to take my celebrities with a large pinch of salt because I have been warned of the busy, busy little bees, who buzz, and buzzing, make publicity. I have discovered that any one can be famous who is able to afford fame. I once paid four dollars to look at an actress whose name was on every lip and whose only talent seemed to be a magnificent back—I have listened to great singers who could not sing and great lecturers who had nothing to say. I have sat in crowded theatres while unsuccessful plays succeeded brilliantly. I have seen stupidity triumph; I have seen ugliness supreme. I have witnessed the frenzied enthusiasm of thousands of people for a shadow that skipped across a canvas screen.... And since I know that the same audiences can—and do—appreciate the fine and the beautiful, I have tried to put the blame where it belongs. Some one has been hypnotizing the T. B. M. And since we speak in symbols—I point my finger at the P. A.



**A**P. A. is a man who can make himself believe any earthly thing and can then turn about and make the public believe it, too. He is the arch-romancer, the super-fablist of the modern world. He deals in superlatives, adjectives and frenzies. He lies with joy, with gusto, almost with inspiration. He is the wizard who scatters the dust of illusion in our eyes and then gives us a pair of rose-colored glasses. He is the minstrel who sings of impossible loveliness and incredible chivalry. He sees nothing as it is, for which, perhaps, we should bless him. And when he strikes his lute—in the *Herald*, the *Times*, the *Tribune* or the *Sun* of a morning—we believe everything he says because there is no way to prove that he lies....

In ancient Egypt the P. A. had real scope for his genius. He raved in terms of pyramids and obelisks; he carved his press notices on the walls of shadowy tombs built to hold the aromatic dust of dead kings, queens and courtesans. If words failed him, he drew pictures. Alas! the P. A. of to-day who would convince us that Mary Pickford's curls are real, cannot carve the glorious tidings across the façade of the Metropolitan Museum! Which only goes to prove that civilization is irksome.

In ancient Greece, in Troy, Carthage and Sicily, the P. A. was an oral liar. He sat in sunny market-places with his back against a wall and talked and talked and talked. He had the gift of sonorous verse, phrases that rolled from his tongue like the ceaseless waves of the sea. He established Ulysses as the Douglas Fairbanks of his day. And he sang of a certain Helen—tall, languorous and coifed with flame, the delectable vampire of antiquity. What would happen to-day, I wonder, if some inspired P. A. should stand with his back against the *Times*

building, singing, tenderly, of Theda Bara?

In mediæval times popular heroes and heroines were advertised by poets and minstrels. Dante was the greatest P. A. of them all—he celebrated Beatrice who was undoubtedly a dull and pretty girl; he advertised hell; he made himself famous by bitterly doubting the very people who admired him—a method which has been copied more recently by Arnold Daly. So great a man as Michael Angelo immortalized Vittoria Colonna in delicious sonnets. Lorenzo the Magnificent had himself exploited as a prince of the arts—free publicity in the Fifteenth Century!



**B**ASARI was a talented P. A. and so was old Cellini, who knew the value of a bad reputation.

You can follow them down the ages—clever stimulators of popularity, the necromancers of fame. They manipulate public opinion, they point the way for mob enthusiasms. Sometimes they are convinced—as Boswell was—of the inestimable glory of their hero. Sometimes they love, as Abelard and Heloise and the Brownings did. Often they are furious and implacable like Cosima Wagner. Again they are as crafty as Whistler, who exploited himself in an impish, perverse, devilishly clever way. Or they are as urbane as George Moore who celebrated his Irish friends in satire that both convulsed and enraged them....

There have been great P. A.'s possessed of great enthusiasms. Their mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of various harassed, busy, buzzing, acutely imaginative young men whose business it is to see that the world is supplied with heroes and heroines.

I have always believed, perhaps romantically, that genius never goes undiscovered. I have enough faith in that great composite intelligence, the public, to doubt those stories of Raphaels who die in garrets, of Swinburnes who languish in silence, of Bernhardtts who never reach the stage. Genius is like a blade of grass—it can turn aside stones. Imperishable and eager, it will always push its way into the light.

But since the ways of fame are devious and obscure, I have to admit that the P. A. helps to turn back the cloying sod. He is a glib impresario.



**H**ERE, you!" he shouts. "A new artist! A dazzling, wonderful, incomparable, peerless artist! Take a look!"

If he says it often enough, you believe him. Sometimes he is right and sometimes he is wrong. You must pick the chaff from the wheat. He is responsible to-day for those theatrical popularities—"America's Sweetheart," "Old Doc Cheerful," "Our Bill," "Charlie," Maude Adams, Fred Stone, David Warfield, Mrs. Vernon Castle, Geraldine Farrar, David Belasco and George M. Cohan—clever people, all of them, who have become symbols, national idols, concrete Americanisms.

Mary Pickford is the embodiment of the heart-throb; she is a living novel by Eleanor

Hallowell Abbott—a composite woman in whom every man glimpses his own sweetheart, as she was, as she is or as he would like her to be. Men are not over-fond of the sloe-eyed temptress. They like tenderness, blonde curls, little feet and frills. And so Mary became America's Sweetheart, thanks to a P. A. who must have been the reincarnation of Petrarch. And when she made her Liberty Loan speech in New York, thousands of fatuous, grinning, doting Americans jammed Wall Street from curb to curb and cheered themselves hoarse.

If scientists and statesmen advertised themselves properly they could achieve a soul-satisfying fame. Babies would be called after them, dogs would answer to their name, their photographs would be sold, framed in silver, at all department stores. Even college professors and bankers could rank, emotionally and pictorially, with Lou-Tellegen, if they employed a lute-smithing P. A. to stir up the public heart.

Publicity is desirable. The world is so busy and there are so many clever people doing clever things. A woman wrapped in cloth of gold, strapped to clanking brass sandals and leading a dinosaur along Fifth Avenue would probably impede traffic for a day or so. After that no one would bother to glance at her!



**W**E are living in an age of war, of violent and brief emotions. Nothing less than a miracle can stir us; it must be a spectacular miracle at that! And so the P. A. beats the big drum, he shouts and bullies, he dazzles with electric signs and newspaper headlines—day and night he never leaves us alone. He plasters the face of the earth with blazing posters, he writes the magazines, he invents new and wonderful fairy-stories. Wherever we are, there also is the P. A. He moulds our taste, directs our enthusiasm, thinks for us, sees for us and hears for us. He is really the inventor of a new American folk-lore. He has invoked some delectable characters, people who are as real and as dear to us as Davy Crockett, Little Red Riding Hood and Alice. It is even possible that he has placed some of them among the immortals—

"Charlie" is our mountebank, our Punch, our dear, absurd American clown. "Old Doc Cheerful" is the spirit of youth, the incarnation of Lyendecker's posters, Jack London's heroes and every boy's ideal of himself. "Our Bill" is American sentiment, the "red blood" man with the melting heart, the horny-handed saint, the reformed villain. Fred Stone is our national insouciance—he represents the devil-may-care spirit that can rope a steer, sing a song, and lick the world single-handed. Maude Adams is the winsome one, the mother spirit. David Warfield is he for whom we shed tears in the shadows of the theatre—he is our secret tenderness. Geraldine Farrar is success, brittle, brilliant and American. Mrs. Castle is the stylish young giraffe who knows the secret of the *chic* and subtly flatters us. David Belasco is our legendary wizard—the artist who never bothers us by failing. George Cohan is rag-time, the one-step America's tough little brother—the prancing spirit of the flag.....





MARION EARLE



BEATRICE DE RUE



*Photos Campbell*

JOSIE WALSH

Everyone is glad to welcome Weber and Fields "back again," particularly when they bring with them such types of femininity as these



GYPSY MOONEY



MARIE LASHER

WITH WEBER AND FIELDS IN "BACK AGAIN"—PRETTY GIRLS



# A WOMAN WITH MILLIONS AND A LIFE AIM

*Mrs. Christian Hemmick, one of the most earnest workers for a National Theatre*

By ADA PATTERSON



A WOMAN with millions and a life aim is a rare bird in the human aviary. Millions do not make for life aims, nor, usually, life aims for millions. Mrs. Christian Hemmick has united them in bonds of indissoluble wedlock.

"I shall work for a National Theatre, and all movements contributory to it, until it becomes an American institution," she said with a purposeful widening of glowing blue eyes, and a voice of soft determination. We were sitting in the great, high-walled studio of the apartment she occupies at the Hotel des Artistes when she comes to New York every year for a few months of study of theatrical conditions. An energetic, ageless woman is Mrs. Hemmick, with a childlike zest for the topic of the moment.

She wore a stylish dark blue silk robe that glowed richly against the background of gold and red tapestries and the paler stuffs that were thrown in masses across the easels on which her paintings rested. She paints pictures besides writing plays. Carlotta Patti said she had one of the greatest voices in America until by too vigorous use of it she "broke" it when she was thirteen.

"We must have a National Theatre in America," repeated Mrs. Hemmick. "We will have it because we should. Sooner or later, all good things come to the world and to the individual. We should not be disheartened by delays. Not even by the devastating delay of this awful war."



MRS. HEMMICK smiled with confidence. It was a smile that bespeaks and begets confidence. She belongs to the smiling world, that world to which the spur and the whip are unknown. Yet she chooses to live rather in the world of effort. Because she has talent and excess energy she has written plays, seven of them. And paints pictures. She has done a score of them. Two of the best are of her daughters, Mme. Dreyfus Barney and Miss Natalie Barney, both of whom are living in Paris. There is a Circe of golden mane and cruel eyes, the head of one of her victims held tightly beneath her clutching arm. A lambent-eyed Italian woman and her bambino look gently at one out of a glory of sunshine—colored stuffs. Having done so much, Mrs. Hemmick inspires the belief that she will do much more. She is capable of farther goals.

They know her in Washington better than in New York. There they call her the woman who persuaded Uncle Sam to try a National Theatre. The experiment was made last Summer. It was a successful one. On the grounds where stands the Washington monument a stage was erected. The seats were crowded by six thousand persons who came to see her pageant, "The Triumph of the Drama." This out-of-door production was one of the national capital's most successful social and dramatic events. It was an object lesson in drama under national direction, for the sward-carpeted playhouse was a Government park, a long step toward the consummation of that dream which Mrs. Hemmick confidently expects will be a "dream come true!"

"It should be housed in a building that will be

in itself a lesson in beauty. It takes form in my mind as such a building as New York's Public Library," she said. "I think it should be built in Washington, the center of national life. But wherever it is built it should be not merely an American theatre but a world theatre. I would have it cosmopolitan in character. America is sure to become the art center of the world after the war. Therefore, the theatre should not be restricted to American plays. "The best to be found in all the world," should be its motto.



THINK of what such a theatre would offer in the inspiration that great artists would radiate through it. Consider Julia Marlowe. Her active stage career is voluntarily ended. But, as with her gifted husband, E. H. Sothern, her interest in the theatre remains glowingly alive. As Sarah Bernhardt and all the other French artists aid the drama through the Comédie Française, Mr. and Mrs. Sothern could help it by means of the National Theatre of America. They could, and doubtless would, act occasionally on its boards. They could, and would give lectures. They could and would watch performances and give criticisms.

"Of course, there would be a school of dramatic art in connection with the National Theatre. Under its roof, too, would be a department of scenic art. There might be a wardrobe department. Some of the stuffs used could be richly dyed on the premises."

"Is your vision of this world theatre one in which there will be pictures and sculptures?"

"No. Oh, no," returned Mrs. Hemmick with decision. "There should be nothing to distract the attention. The walls should be bare. The students within those walls should have the company only of each other and of their imagination working upon the characters in great plays which they are to portray."

The new born Actors' and Authors' Theatre, a flexible organization for the production of plays upon a co-operative basis in New York, has Mrs. Hemmick as one of its directors.



I AM filled with enthusiasm about this concerted movement of actors and authors," she said. "I believe it will demonstrate what can be done through whole-hearted co-operation of the two great indispensable factors of the theatre. It should be of great value to the players, because it would enable them to play engagements between their seasons. Since the bill will be changed every two weeks it will supply what every conscientious player knows to be his or her greatest need, the opportunity to play a variety of parts. It will give the impetus of a share in ownership and profits. Every commercial institution that has injected this element into its operations testifies to the doubling of energies and exaltation of hopes of the workers. It will be the first theatre in America in which the actors, as a body, have a share. The advantages for actors are greater than for authors. But authors will have the benefit of trial performances of their plays and a vote in the

direction of them if they are stockholders. Managers will benefit by it for they can see tried-out plays in which they are interested but in which they are unable or unwilling to invest much money. Audiences will see a wide variety of plays, well produced, at half what they have hitherto paid for the privilege."

Mrs. Hemmick, because of her fortune, has done what no other playwright of serious intent has ever done, written dramas for sheer love of the stage. Her playwriting has always been philanthropic. The profits accruing from the dance drama, "L'Ecole en Crinoline," which she wrote for Anna Pavlova and which was enacted at the Belasco Theatre in Washington; from "Woman," a suffrage play produced in Washington and Brooklyn; and from its sisters, "The Love of Echo" and "The Man in the Moon," she poured at once into charitable channels. "The Triumph of the Drama," which occupied the stage of the Sylvan Theatre, was tendered free to the huge audience that swarmed, spectacle-hungry, across the green slope of the Washington Monument grounds.

She founded, and in part maintains, the Neighborhood Settlement in the southwestern part of Washington. Within the five houses which she gave to the settlement, unique uplift work is being done. There is, for example, a model home of three rooms, in which the on-looker was originally shown how a family of four could live on nine dollars a week.



SINCE the war began the amount has been forced up to twelve a week, she said, while the sunbeams reflected back bewilderingly from eight diamond rings, a brilliant band across her hand.

Her Washington home is an original house made after her own designs. Pairs on their bridal tour and timid wives of Congressmen in their first term at Washington stand before Studio House in awed and admiring groups.

It is logical that a pioneer of the theatre should have a daughter whose life aim is the establishment of a National Theatre in her own land. Mrs. Hemmick's cradle, in a sense, was Pike's Opera House, in Cincinnati. S. H. Pike and his wife traveled much in Europe after their marriage. For eight years they dwelt within the shadow of the art galleries and playhouses of Europe. Particularly were they enamored of La Scala. "There is no theatre in the West," said the Ohio financier. "I think when I go back I shall build in Cincinnati, an opera house upon the plan of La Scala."

It was built. Contemporaneous with its completion was the birth of their daughter Alice. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett played in Pike's Opera House and came to the Pike home. Memories of them and of Carlotta Patti are her earliest ones. She wanted to become another Patti but strained her voice in the childish attempt. Dolls were offered her but she rejected them. She made of a large, deep-silled window in her nursery a stage. Pins were her actors. She moved the pins about the stage, inventing attributes for them and reading their speeches.

An early marriage forestalled what was de-





Reception room, with old Spanish Mooresque brocade on walls, in ancient prayer pattern. The entire house was designed by the playwright herself



The dining room, showing the ancient Dutch portrait owned by Mrs. Hemmick's great grandfather. The needlework on the walls came from a French convent

## STUDIO HOUSE—THE PALATIAL HOME OF MRS. CHRISTIAN HEMMICK



signed by nature to be a stage career. Albert Clifford Barney, the Ohio multimillionaire, knew little of the stage and disliked what he knew. His wife wrote plays but locked them in secret drawers of her desk. It was after she became a widow, less than a decade ago, that she drew them from their hiding places and they were revealed by light of sun on the lawns at Bar Harbor and by footlights in Washington. To their depiction came Anna Pavlowa, as I have said, and Izetta Jewell, wife, now widow of a Congressman, and former leading woman for

James K. Hackett, Lily Langtry and Ethel Barrymore, aided in a final tableau.

In the cast of "The Man in the Moon" was a young man, tall and handsome.

"Who is that good looking young chap?" asked the multimillionaire playwright.

"Christian Hemmick. He is the son of Ronald Hemmick, American consul at Geneva. He is as fond of the theatre as you are, Mrs. Barney. Do allow us to present him."

Friendship followed quickly upon the introduction. On their marriage seven years ago she

yielded to his wish that she place her own fortune in a trust for her daughters, from which she derived but a life annuity.

"With our fortunes even none can say that ours was a mercenary match," he said.

One in their liking for and assiduous study of the theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Hemmick have temporarily divided their interests. Mrs. Hemmick is writing plays and assisting in the development of the Actors' and Authors' Theatre, for her pleasure. Mr. Hemmick is directing the fortunes of the play, "Her Country."

## WHY THE DEADHEAD?

*Setting forth some of the abuses of ye ancient and honorable practice of seeing a show for nothing*

By CORNELIA S. PENFIELD



TWO seats here for Mr. Smith?"  
"End of line, please!"

It is two minutes before the curtain rises. The theatre treasurer and his assistant are endeavoring to dispose of an impatient line of theatregoers. The insistent voice of the man who has elbowed aside the head of the line booms out again importantly:

"Nonsense; they are all ready, I'm sure. Where's your publicity man? I'm Smith of Smith & Bros."

The pacifist treasurer hesitates, while the honest playgoer at the head of the line frowns. Less time to pacify than to argue, reasons the treasurer as he finds an envelope bearing the name Smith, verifies the enclosed tickets, and passes the stubs over.

"Forty cents war tax, Mr. Smith! Yes, madam, I can give you two center, tenth row."

"But," begins Smith belligerently. "But forty cents tax—"

The treasurer quietly ignores the protest. Smith sputtering finds a ten-dollar bill which has to be changed. Meanwhile the legitimate purchasers of tickets are crowded to one side of the window. They purchase tickets over Smith's shoulder, past his elbow, and under his hand. At last, however, Smith collects his change, recounts it, and turns to his friend with a dissatisfied smile as they pass in to their seats.

The treasurer watches Smith's departure with a quietly whispered sarcasm. His assistant, ambidextrously finding tickets, making change, and answering telephones, adds a comment: "Yep,—his daughter is stenographer over at the Fenimore offices,—or used to be."

Smith enjoys the performance rather as an opportunity to impress his out-of-town friend with his own importance than from any real interest in the production. He smiles broadly at the end of the first act:

"Say, Bill, that's the worst show this season, an' I've seen 'em all. Sure, Floss, you know, is assistant to old Fenimore, and we always can get seats—first nights and everything! But, say, ain't Flitzie Mop fierce? She's getting awful old. I hear she's getting a divorce from her second husband. He's leading man with Bertha Brandon,—and they say,—at least I hear—now this is straight from H. G., himself....."

And so the friend is impressed, and so the couple in front who paid hard cash for their seats are annoyed,—and so the theatre loses a possible four dollars.

According to a recently issued fiat of several daring managers, Smith and his kind may expect to be discouraged in every way from this winter forth. The illegitimate deadhead is accountable for dissatisfaction frequently ex-

pressed by playgoers. The man who pays two good dollars (in this season of thrift) for a ticket is out for his money's worth; he was interested in the play, therefore he bought a ticket. He does not enjoy having his evening spoiled by the knowing comments of Smith and his kind, who may be sitting next to him.

Moreover, the theatre stands to lose in any case. If Smith is not interested in the actual play, he makes a poor patron, because he will be far more disposed to knock the theatre thereafter. If, on the other hand, Smith is a potential customer, and otherwise would pay cash for his tickets, he represents an acute financial loss.

There are always exceptions, however, to any stringent rule, but Smith is the type of man whom few theatres welcome. He is tolerated out of some strange system of courtesy that includes all theatrical employees, and has extended unto the third and fourth generation. Three-quarters of the incoming calls on the telephone of a publicity man or house manager are as follows:

"Hello: G. H. Plympton's office on the wire. Is this Mr. Westcott?"

"Yes." The publicity man knows what is coming, but can't dodge.

"Mr. Westcott, will you fix us up with a couple of seats for to-night?"

If Mr. Westcott is ultra-bold he counters with: "Didn't Mr. Plympton get his seats the first night?"

"I'm not sure, Mr. Westcott. This is his secretary speaking. You might leave these seats in my name at the box-office. Thank you so much. Jackson is the name. Good-bye."

And the helpless Westcott scrawls down the request, with a mental oath to call up Plympton some day and let him know about this infernal grafting; but of course he never does, and Miss Jackson winsomely continues to provide free entertainment for her sisters, her cousins, her aunts, and those of her best young man.

To Westcott may be offered the consolation of religion and of history.

Lest he himself have no time to delve into the archives, I have done so to comfort him.

The earliest recorded predecessors of Smith, Jackson, et al., were the Laudicena of the Roman theatres. They were given passes,—little ivory death's-heads, and were thus the original dead-heads. They, however, earned their way in a measure. The thoughtful management provided the theatre with sounding vessels of brass, and then gave either the chorus or the actor speaking the last line of the play a cue-line which was addressed to the audience at large, but was in fact a signal to the Laudicena to begin the applause. Smith lacks not brazenness, and is

especially adept at *entr'acte* knocking,—but alas, how sadly unlike is his technique from that of the Romans!

The happiest parallel to Smith and his kind is drawn during the heyday of popular pleasure-seeking in England. After the spacious Elizabeth and the narrow Oliver came the reign of the Merry Monarch, and apparently some of the few matters that Charles II ever took up in a really serious way were connected with the problem of the thrifty theatregoer who did his best to outwit the ticket-taker.

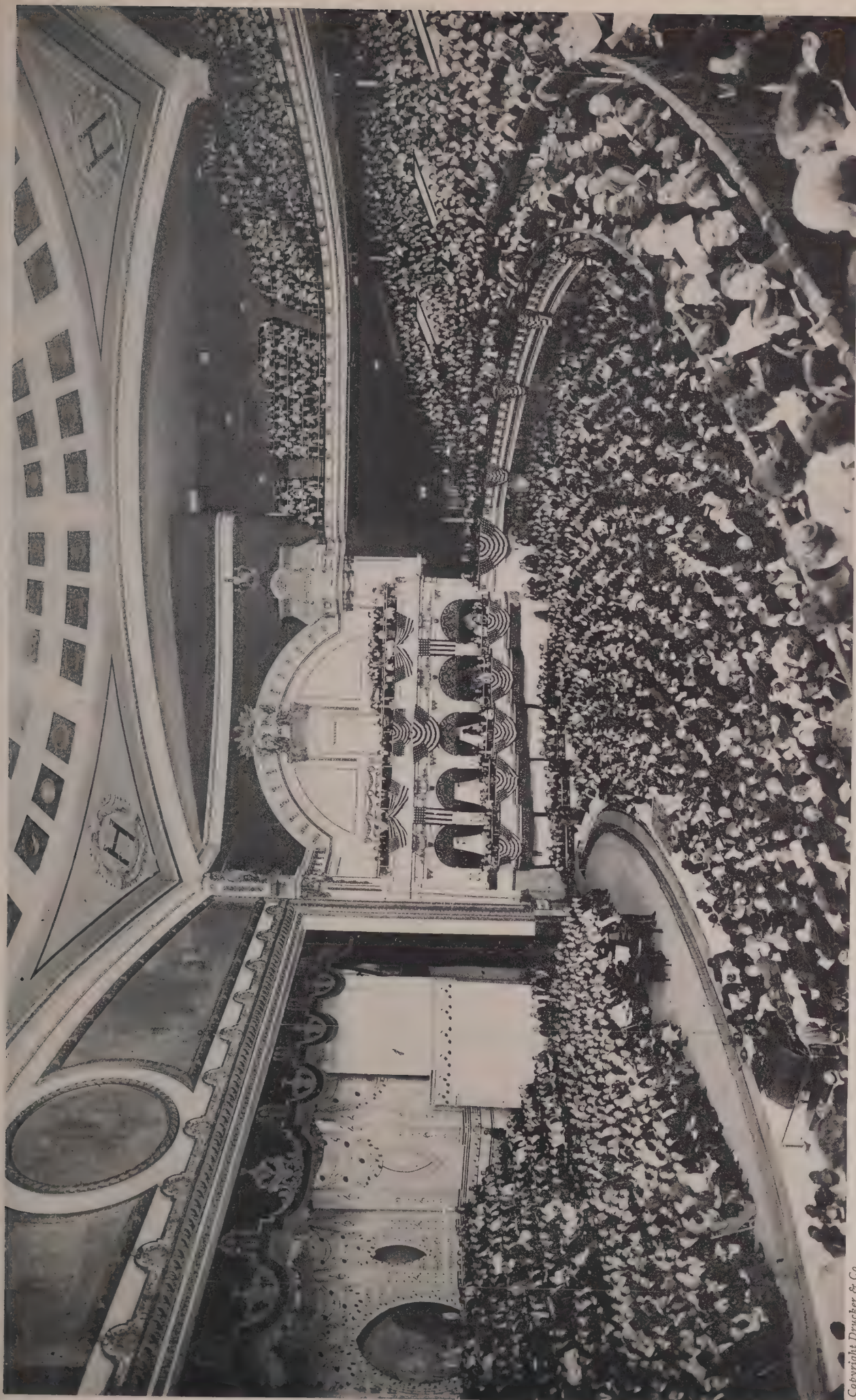
It was at the time a custom for any of the gentry to enter a playhouse in search of a friend in the audience. The gentleman in question pledged himself to the doorkeeper not to remain after the end of the act then being played. The word of a gentleman in those days was not evidently wholly trustworthy, for so many complaints were made to the King that the privilege was being abused that in December, 1663, Charles issued a royal warrant, proclaiming the unlawfulness of roisterers who habitually forced their way into the theatres of London.

In February, 1665, another edict, less pacific, set forth, "Whereas, complaint hath been made unto us by our servants, the Actors in the Royall Theatre that divers persons refuse to pay at the first door of the said theatre, thereby obliging the doorkeeper to send after, solicit, and importune them for their entrance money:—for the prevention, therefore, of these disorders, and that such as are employed by the said Actors may have no opportunity of deceiving them, our will and pleasure is, That all persons coming to the said Theatre, shall at the first Door, pay their entrance money (to be restored again to them in case they return the same way before the end of the act)."

This impressive edict accomplished two unlooked-for ends: shrewd souls managed by surrendring and reclaiming their entrance fee four or five days in succession during different acts to see the entire play in installments; others, by attending theatres with the two-door system, contrived to give one doorkeeper an urgent excuse for admission,—and then went out the other door, and collected the entrance fee which they had not paid!

Eventually a system of tickets and of pass-out checks was adopted, but not until long after the prideful entry in Pepys' Diary under date of January 7, 1667-68, that Samuel the Critical "went into the pit to gaze up and down, and there did by this means for nothing, see an act in 'The Scole of Compliments' at the Duke of York's House, and 'Henry the Fourth' at the King's House, but not liking either of the plays, I took my coach again and home."





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This flashlight shows about one-half of the audience at John McCormack's concert at the Hippodrome, New York, Sunday night, April 28th. The attendance broke all records for the great playhouse. Approximately seven thousand people were present, over one thousand of whom were seated on the stage. Mr. McCormack recently told President Wilson he would like to sing for the men abroad. The President advised him to remain in America, "to keep the fountain of sentiment flowing."

JOHN McCORMACK SINGING TO A RECORD AUDIENCE OF 7000 PERSONS AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME



# NEW VS. OLD DRAMA

*A defense of the well-made play against the Bolshevik drama that has glutted our playhouses recently*

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



A NUMBER of absurd attacks have been launched recently against the so-called "well-made play." Most of them may be directly traced to the little theatre movement which, in its frantic efforts to break away from the conventions and give the drama a "new twist" has camouflaged the public into believing that any play which has a beginning, a middle and an end is a "well-made play" and should be thrown into the discard as reactionary drama.

Wouldn't you rather see a well-made play than an ill-made play? Wouldn't you rather see "Tiger Rose," for instance, than "Nju," that Bolshevik drama that was produced last season at the Bandbox Theatre by Messrs. Urban and Ordynski? This conspicuous example of the revolutionary drama was a hectic nightmare. As the play progressed, the audience figured out that it was a satire on playwriting, like "Plots and Playwrights." But—heavens, no! This was real Russian tragedy—dank, dark and disagreeable. After seeing it we felt pretty much like the oysters when the Carpenter asked them if they felt like returning home. "Nju" was an effective illustration of what *not* to do in the theatre. It bore as much resemblance to real drama as *vers libre* bears to real poetry.

The persistent practice of the apostles of the New Movement in the Theatre in throwing dust in the public eye has confused the average playgoer. He cannot see the forest for the trees. His position recalls those famous lines from Omar Khayyam:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and sage and heard great argument  
About it and about, but evermore  
Came out by the same door where I went."



IT has grown to be almost a truism that the well-made play is an old-fashioned product, just as many writers, particularly Amy Lowell, argue that the free form of "imagist" poetry is superior to the rhyme form employed by Shelley and Keats. But an American like Edward Arlington Robinson, whom Miss Lowell cites with beneficent approval is a stickler for the rhyme form and his poetry is immeasurably superior to the work of those disciples of free verse who are mentioned in Miss Lowell's recent critical volume.

There is, after all, only one standard by which one can judge a creative worker, be he an actor, poet, dramatist, novelist, painter, sculptor or short-story writer. That is by achievement. Did he or she succeed in doing what they started out to do? A theme appeals to a playwright as a great subject for a play and he starts out to make a definite bid to his public. The theme may be humorous or it may be tragic; or it may be one of those "tragi-comedies" that Bernard Shaw speaks of in his introduction to "Damaged Goods." But if the writer does not succeed in conveying to his public the certain definite impression that he had in his mind, he has failed, be the play never so successful. But if he does succeed in his fixed intention his play is likewise a success even if the box-office returns are practically nil. His actual achievement is the only thing that really counts.

What originally started all this talk about the

well-made play was the artificial work of such playwrights as Scribe, Sardou and the younger Dumas. Their plays were well-made. That is to say, they planned them out carefully and knew the minimum amount of dramaturgy necessary in concocting the maximum amount of drama. They were, so to speak, Hoovers of the Theatre.

Scribe and Sardou were schooled in picking up all the loose strands and weaving them into a compact whole. If one of their characters found a pin on the stage he picked it up, not to bring good luck, but to motivate something that was to follow. You knew that the pin was going to play a tremendous part in the development of the plot. There was a reason for everything.



A CHARACTER couldn't sneeze without accounting for it to the playwright. Motivation was the middle name of Sardou and Scribe. You could count upon the curtain for the first act descending at a point where your interest would be so whetted that you were keen to see the second act. And if it was a three-act play you knew that the second act would contain a "big scene" that would give the hero or heroine a chance to throw an emotional fit. Bernstein's "The Thief" is a sample of this sort of drama.

From turning their critical guns upon Sardou, Scribe and others of their ilk, the apostles of the New Drama began to barrage the work of Arthur Wing Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. They referred to these dramatists as "mossback playwrights" who sacrificed everything in their plays for the sake of the "big scene." This part of their attack was well founded, but they overlooked one significant point: Whereas the characters created by Scribe and Sardou were merely papier mâché puppets who obeyed the will of their creators and not their own instincts; and, whereas the plots of the plays in which they moved were the outgrowth of situation rather than of characterization, the plays of Pinero and Jones contained flesh-and-blood beings—the sort of men and women that you are apt to meet most everywhere in real life. This gave to their plays a distinction that was utterly lacking in the earlier well-made plays and justified their existence, not only upon the stage, but in the library.



LAST season a play was produced in New York called "The Intruder" by Cyril Harcourt. This play was rightfully designated by the various critics as a sample of the well-made drama, because the author employed all the shopworn tricks of the trade. Long before the end of the first act the ending was perfectly obvious to any intelligent student of the drama. All the audience had to do was to pick up the various hints dropped by the dramatist, just as the pursuers in the old fairy books traced the abducted princess by means of bits of her handkerchief that she left sticking on bramble-bushes along the wayside.

But because Harcourt's happened to be a particularly flagrant example of the well-made play

is no justification for promiscuous attacks upon all well-made plays. Long before William Archer wrote his voluminous book on playmaking, Aristotle had given the would-be dramatist the fundamental law—a law that has merely been elaborated by Mr. Hennequin, Mr. Archer and scores of others. And when he said that a play should have a beginning, a middle and an end he was uttering a truism that every careful artist tries to live up to. So that if one listened to the vaporings of theatrical tyros we would have hodge-podge plays like Granville Barker's dramatization of "The Wrong Box" and theatrical nightmares like "Good Morning, Rosamond," one of the latest "ill-made plays" to be perpetrated on Broadway.

No one would be safe from the theatrical attacks of the long-haired men and the short-haired women in Greenwich Village who write art with a capital and Action with a little "a." Ibsen himself would fall under the ban of the "anything-if-new" school, for all of his best plays are well-made. Has all literature any better sample of the well-made play than "A Doll's House" or "Ghosts" or "Hedda Gabler"? They are compactly built, every speech propels the play forward and everything is accounted for by the time the final curtain falls.



WOULDN'T you rather see Bernstein's "L'Elevation," a recent example of the well-made play than Arthur Hopkins' production of "The Happy Ending"? Don't you think "The Gay Lord Quex" is easier to sit through than Florence Lincoln's "Barbara"? And wouldn't you rather see Sarah Bernhardt in such a practically well-made play as "Camille" than Henry Miller in "Anthony in Wonderland"?

Let us be frank with ourselves and admit that it is the well-made play that survives.

If we consider the vast output of poorly constructed pieces presented to the public each season, and how the majority of them find their way quickly to the storehouse, it is only too apparent that their failure must be attributed to careless, hasty workmanship.

These pieces bear all the earmarks of popularity, they may succeed in raising a temporary laugh, but they do not possess enough backbone to insure them a lasting place in the repertoire of our drama. It isn't sufficient for the playwright to have a clever idea or a novel situation. The fundamental principle of playwriting is that he must possess that technique without which the best plays must fail.

It is rather significant that all the plays that are succeeding in this, the worst season New York has ever known, are, according to Hermione standards, well-made plays. Study the list for yourself: "A Tailor-Made Man," "Business Before Pleasure," "The Country Cousin," "Polly with a Past," "Tiger Rose" and "The Gipsy Trail." Which reminds us of a timely moral:

"'Tis hard to venture where our betters fail,  
Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale;  
And yet, perchance, 'twere better to prefer  
A hackneyed plot than choose a new and err."





A. H. Van Buren and Katherine Kaelred  
in "The Man Who Stayed at Home"



Chauncey Olcott and Ethel Wilson  
in "Once Upon a Time"



Photos White

Ralph Kellard Charlotte Walker

SCENE IN ACT I OF "NANCY LEE" AT THE HUDSON

N E W P L A Y S A L O N G B R O A D W A Y



# OSCAR WILDE—A REMINISCENCE

*The fallen poet's last pathetic ambition and hope of a possible rehabilitation in America*

By BERNARD THORNTON



IN the last year of Oscar Wilde's life I was treasurer of the Grand Opera House of New York. In that capacity I was sent to Europe to conclude some theatrical contracts. The name Grand Opera House meant a great deal more in Paris than it did in New York. To most people I was not the humble traveling clerk of a second-class New York theatre, but the incarnation of metropolitan opera. In fact, many people mistook me for the direct-representative of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and treated me as such.

I recall a most amusing coincidence which happened in this connection. On leaving London, where I had graciously been tendered the entrée of all the theatres, the idea presented itself to experiment with Paris. Accordingly I sent a brief request to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, enclosing my card, which read "Treasurer Grand Opera House, N. Y.," to see her production of "L'Aiglon" for any performance that was convenient—business permitting. I had hardly posted the letter when a special uniformed messenger presented himself. He brought a heavily embossed official-looking envelope on which was engraved the words "Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt," enclosing, with Mme. Bernhardt's compliments, a stage box for the subsequent Sunday night. Sunday night in Paris is the swagger social event of the theatrical week—which needless to say added to my bewilderment. I could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion as to why I had been accorded such distinction.



THE eventful evening arrived. During the *entr'acte*, in casually looking over the audience, much to my amazement, I saw David Belasco and Charles Frohman hanging over the front row in the balcony. It seemed so incongruous for two of America's most successful managers to be occupying such modest seats while I—a poor, humble box-office treasurer, was seated in state in a private proscenium box.

Just as I rubbed my eyes to reassure myself that I was awake, the curtain rose on the third act. My attention was divided between the superb acting of Mme. Bernhardt and my subconscious brain trying to deduct an explanation of all the honor bestowed upon me. The curtain fell and as the house lights went up—a very distinguished gentleman, who spoke English fluently, came to the box and introduced himself as Mme. Bernhardt's secretary. He implored me to visit her dressing-room. I went. The confusion that followed was perhaps the most embarrassing moment of my life. It appears that Bernhardt was coming to America the following year under the management of Maurice Grau, at that time the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House. The secretary had confused the Metropolitan Opera House with the Grand Opera House and with the customary Parisian diplomacy, had sent me the box.

Mme. Bernhardt took the situation good-naturedly, giving me a cordial handclasp on departing and a cheery "*Au revoir*."

At the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt I was introduced to Mme. Mickauleff, a wealthy Frenchwoman of Russian ancestry and a liberal patron of the fine arts. At numerous re-

ceptions at Mme. Mickauleff's house I became acquainted with the most noted personages in Paris of that day. Mme. Mickauleff said that I must meet the famous Oscar Wilde. She mentioned the name as one might speak of a martyr.

I was not over-enthusiastic about the suggestion, but curiosity won over everything. I made my time suit the convenience of Mr. Wilde, and we met at Mme. Mickauleff's—not under the bright glare of the gaslight which was still the vogue in Paris, nor in a tropic atmosphere of palms and bare shoulders. Instead, he came quite early in the morning, and the servant showed no unusual interest in the caller as he announced his solitary entry.

My heart almost stood still as this once celebrated personage crossed Mme. Mickauleff's



Collection Patrick F. Madigan

OSCAR WILDE

threshold. I could not believe that this was the man about whom the whole world had been talking. He was bent with a weight not of years. He had an old man's obesity. His cheeks were flabby and sagging, his eyes were dull. His manner of speech was like a blow to me, for his words came very slowly, and his sentences were timorous. He seemed grateful for the least consideration.



I MET Wilde several times after that occasion and the thing that touched me most was his manner of deep respect. He was almost servile to me, who in former years would, likely enough, not even have gotten a nod. He was waiting, as I could see very well, for me to advance some hope of an American redemption.

Finally he spoke of America. It was afternoon, and he addressed Mme. Mickauleff and myself. The roseate rays of the sunset took away very much of the age and ruin in his face.

"They tell me that in Western America," he said, "a man is a man to-day, and yesterdays don't count—that a desperado can make a reputation for piety on his current performances. What a country to live in! Your Western America must be like the Greece of the days before the Parthenon, or Italy before the Conulate!"

"Why don't you go to America?" I asked him this question later, when, casually, we spoke of travel. The query alarmed him, and furiously embarrassed him. "I—perhaps I shall go to America—as soon as I've settled some business matters in Paris, but not before—not before!"

Poor chap, he assuredly had no business to attend to, for he was living on charity even then. As soon as he had said this, he left the room, and I didn't see him again that evening.

But as Mme. Mickauleff told me, it was very evident that America constantly obsessed him. It was his promised land, a refugee from the world of humiliation and shame which he felt surrounded him. Yet, as was plainly to be seen, his courage was gone and his spirit broken. Even had one paid his passage and furnished him with plenty of money, I doubt if he would have had the courage to go.

I last saw him one wonderful afternoon when he walked with Mme. Mickauleff and myself, through Père la Chaise Cemetery. He used a stick, not for style but for support, and I could not but notice, in the bright sunlight, his shabby, spotted clothes. No longer was he the "Lily of Piccadilly," but a wretched, broken-down outcast. Still there were flashes and brilliant sallies, that afternoon, of the old Oscar Wilde.



HE drew us before the humble grave of Marie du Plessis, the friend of Alexander Dumas, and original of Marguerite Gautier, the lady of the Camellias. He told of her life, of Dumas' careless affection for her, and of her great love for Dumas, and of her death from tuberculosis—unlike Camille though, in that she held Dumas' regard and protection to the end.

My own final picture of Wilde is not a pleasant one, but no doubt it was a characteristic one of the poet in the last days of his life. He sought oblivion in the glass. He had no money in his pockets, but at the drinking suggestion of any stranger he would run eagerly and swallow greedily a great glass of absinthe. He forgot me, he forgot everyone in his glass. Absinthe was his one remaining emotion, and for absinthe he would have hobbled with a porter. Pride, ambition, self-respect—all these had disappeared. Oscar Wilde at this time eked out his existence, I am informed, on money put in his way by an actress.

On returning to America about two months later I was not surprised to read of his death. He had been in a coma some time before and while the landlord, physicians and numerous creditors were wrangling about fees and bills, his eyes slowly opened. Turning to those present he said: "Gentlemen, it seems I'm dying beyond my means."

Those were the last words of Oscar Wilde.





Maurice Goldberg

BEATRICE TERRY

Ellen Terry's niece proved that she can stand on her own merit by her portrayal of Ophelia at the Shakespeare Playhouse recently



RAOUL LAPARRA

A potent musician, who takes rank among the foremost of contemporaneous composers. His music reveals the spirit and body, if not soul, of Spain. His recitals possess unusual novelty and charm



HELEN STANLEY

Who sings Mr. Laparra's songs in costume, in their joint recitals, with sympathetic understanding and appeal



Marguerite Sylva, after several successful seasons in Europe, is now back in this country where she is gaining new operatic laurels with the Chicago Opera Company. Babies Daphne and Marguerite prove that her marriage to Captain P. L. Smith is another of her successes

TOSCHA SEIDEL

Another young Russian violinist and pupil of the famous Auer, whose New York début was an artistic triumph



© Victor Georg



# WHEN BERNHARDT WAS BARNUM

*An exciting episode in the life of the great French actress when she took the law in her own hands*

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



ONCE in an idle moment I entered the editorial sanctum of a newspaper published in the Far Northwest and found "ye scribe," as the boss was fond of denominating himself, idly investigating a musty and yellowed bound volume. It was Volume I of the periodical from which his little daily had descended—a periodical published every Thursday under the title of *The Northern Pacific Times*. The date was 1879.

An odd place, you might naturally remark, in which to find gossip of the theatre. And yet half-way down the right-hand column, headed "Harvested News and Notes," I read, "Sarah Bernhardt has finally signed a contract to come to America next year with Jarrett, the London manager."

And that was not all. The third editorial of this first issue of a frontier newspaper printed in a village of a score or more of houses or shacks was also devoted to the divine Sarah.

"Miss Bernhardt says," observed the satirical rogue of an editor, "she should like to enter the cities of America as formerly did the victorious consuls into Rome: 'on a car drawn by senators, with poets singing her praises and the wisest begging for one of her slippers to mount and wear as a pin.' We nominate the fiery senators Conk-Link and Sprague. They would look well driven tandem, before the charming Sarah and her cherubic 'accidens'."

The references to the senators and the last word of the extract were clarified by a further investigation of "Harvested News and Notes." "Ye editor" was dabbling in scandal. He seemed bent on giving Madame (or "Miss") Bernhardt, to say nothing of Senator Conkling, some highly undignified, if not undesirable publicity.



I CONTINUED turning over the pages. Week after week this outraged, self-appointed guardian of public morals made the French actress his target for the blobs of slimy, oozy, oleaginous North Dakota mud flung at her from this border hamlet 'way back in the solemn seventies.

At first blush (and the word seems specially apt in this connection) one might feel a pitying contempt for the scribbler of those innuendoes of 1879. Yet he was probably not to blame. He lived in a time when strange and to us highly repugnant methods of advertising prevailed among theatrical press agents. If scandal promised to attract the largest number of ticket-buyers when the divine one at length reached these shores, why, let scandal do its worst. The public might not care to pay high prices for a glimpse of a foreign artist as such; but if the foreign artist were made out to be a sort of female Byron—then the police reserves would probably have to be called out to quell the riot at the box-office. Accordingly, "Miss Sarah" Bernhardt got some very unenviable publicity in those early days.

Things of this sort, I fancy, always sooner or later run to extremes. The climax in the Bernhardt affair appears to have been supplied by a woman who died seven or eight years ago in

Paris. Her name was Marie Colombier, and she was the author of one of the most atrocious diatribes ever levelled at a human being. Its title was "Sarah Barnum," and of course everybody knew who was meant.

Portraying the life of her heroine from childhood on, the Colombier with diabolical cunning, distorted the facts of the great *tragédienne's* career into a series of horrifying episodes. The artist, her relatives, her friends—all who came in contact with her were flayed with ridicule and scorn. Everything was misinterpreted—and the misinterpretation was always the vilest conceivable. The pages swarmed with gilded *roués*, bilked pawnbrokers, reprobate nobility, grafting critics, egomaniacal players, and spendthrift wantons. Of course, there was a sufficient intermingling of absolutely blameless truth to lend the whole nauseating mess a certain specious verisimilitude.



EARLY in January, 1884, a copy of this 300-page book arrived in New York. At one o'clock in the afternoon fifty or more hack translators set to work upon it, and within thirty hours, we are told, the English version of "Sarah Barnum" was on sale. It had taken but twelve of the thirty hours to do the work of translation.

Just what Colombier's motive was in perpetrating her hideous libel is still a mystery. She had accompanied Madame Bernhardt on the latter's first American tour in 1883—the tour which *The Northern Pacific Times* was already assiduously forecasting in 1879. The Colombier book appeared in Paris in 1883.

Of course, Madame Sarah reacted to the gentle stimulus. She was in process of purchasing in the name of her son, Maurice, the Théâtre Porte-Saint-Martin. There, on December 20th, 1883, she produced Jean Richepin's "Nana Sahib," a seven-act play in verse. On the night before the *première* the actress, accompanied by Maurice and Richepin, paid a visit to the apartment of Colombier, broke in, wrecked the interior decorations, and horsewhipped the author of "Sarah Barnum."

The next day *tout Paris* was happy. The whole city was the actress's audience, and it was on its feet and cheering. She had set the law a good example. Appreciating this fact, the law set to work. Marie Colombier was convicted of "outraging public morals." She drew a fine and a sentence to three months' imprisonment. Later the term was reduced to two weeks.



OTHER playwrights envied Richepin, who had greatly enjoyed the wrecking of the Colombier apartment. Octave Mirbeau sprang into the arena and sent a challenge to the author of the preface to "Sarah Barnum." Said author was Paul Bonnetain. Among other things stretching over twelve pages he had written:

"I have read the 'Memoirs of Sarah Barnum' at a single sitting, and with a growing pleas-

ure in each page. You have the spirit of a demon, and your style is ravishing. Your characters interest me to the end; for, actress above everything, you put them so well on the scene that one can see them and hear them speak.... Your Sarah is ten Sarahs that we have known—and known too well."

The duel was fought. It resulted as do the majority of such terrible affairs. I think one of the combatants—I am not sure whether it was Mirbeau or Bonnetain—was severely scratched on the wrist.

Naturally the translation had a tremendous sale in America. How it got through the mails is a mystery. If anybody in this country had failed to make Madame Bernhardt a regular topic of daily conversation therefore, the omission was instantly corrected by the Colombier publication. And if the author had really expected to do the actress harm, the disappointment must have been overwhelming when it really produced the opposite effect, creating sympathy for her everywhere.

When Marie Colombier died—in spite of the fact that she was the author of other works, including a novel entitled, "The Prettiest Woman in Paris"—she died as the woman who had once been horsewhipped by Sarah Bernhardt and who had been fined a thousand francs and imprisoned during a fortnight for "outraging public morals."

At the very time of her death the woman she had sought to ruin was preparing for another "farewell trip" to an America still eager to welcome her with open arms—and purses.

And now as I write the wonderful old lady is in the second year of still another farewell tour, and everybody is hoping it is only the beginning of an unlimited series.



SURELY there is more than one message of optimism in this musty bit of gossip. Marie Colombier's career points one obvious moral as to the exact value of verification as a weapon of revenge. The colorful career of the glorious artist, who has so long been, and who still remains the superwoman of the stage, preaches sermons innumerable about genius and resolution and indomitable courage. And there is at least a third suggestion embodied in the contrast between press agent methods of yesterday and of to-day.

We are prone to fret over the trivial chit-chat about players which publicity men are forever foisting upon us as "news of the theatre." We groan at the jewel robberies and box-office safe-blowings and insinuations that the Midnight Flipflop Girls don't recognize subway tickets when they see them. We have almost come to believe nothing that we read about the doings of player folk.

But, after all, we ought to be thankful that we are not living in an age when intimations of immorality serve the press agent as his principal means of luring a hen-minded public to see an acting genius of the first rank. And the theatrical space-grabber nowadays has at least better things to do than the instigation of personal libel.



(Below)

### BETH LYDY

This little Western singer, who has made one of the hits of the season as "The Rainbow Girl," has reached the top quickly. She was seen in New York last season as the prima donna of "Her Soldier Boy." Before that she understudied some of the principal rôles in "Alone at Last." She was born on an Indian Reservation in South Dakota, where her father was the Government agent, and spent her childhood with the little Sioux boys and girls for her only playmates



Joel Feder



© Marceau

### RENA PARKER

The prima donna of "Flo-Flo" is a native of Chicago and has had theatrical experience on both sides of the Atlantic. Her first stage appearance was at the Alhambra Theatre in London, and after three seasons there she played at the Olympia Theatre, Paris. This country has seen her in "To-night's the Night" and in "Nobody Home." Her success as "Flo-Flo" brought her a five-year contract from John Cort and she will continue in this musical piece next season



# THE THEATRE—BY YOUR LEAVE

*Organizing the audience for the exit or  
how to get out in case of happy ending*

By LISLE BELL



HERE may be a very good reason why theatre programs should provide such definite instructions on how to escape "in case of fire," and yet remain silent on how to get out in case of happy ending or any other of the subtle devices by which you are told that you may go home now.

No doubt it would be difficult to avoid a certain bluntness if the program were to state that the author is tired, and the actors are tired, and the ushers are getting sleepy,—in view of all which you might as well call it an evening. But one can't help feeling that it's a bit one-sided, all this meticulous care to speed your departure in case of fire, and not a word about your exodus for equally impelling motives.

You remember how the notice runs: "This theatre, under normal conditions, with every seat occupied, can be emptied in three minutes, etc." The delicate implication of that phrase, "with every seat occupied," is a work of art in itself. It adroitly gives you the impression that "this theatre," at least, is always crowded. And please note that the "three minute" estimate is made without reference to the current play. Some plays ought to be able to empty a theatre in much less time than that.

Now it happens that a fire and I have never chanced to be at a theatre together. One can never tell what one would do in an emergency, but personally, I don't believe I would think of leaving a theatre in case of fire. It would be such a splendid opportunity to see the actors really act.



NOT only that, but I have always wondered what an asbestos curtain does when it does its duty, as provided by law. I have seen it go up with the national anthem so often that the sight has lost all its thrill. How does the curtain act, in case of fire? Does it drop with the slow, portentous dignity with which it rises, or does it descend like a sheet of hail?

One wonders, too, whether the actors are ever put through fire drills, those delightful little interruptions which we used to enjoy so much when we were in school. And do they "choose their exit," as the audience is admonished to do? Does the star have a private exit for her exclusive use, not alone in case of fire, but also in case of firing? And in case an actor lost his head, and got caught under the descending asbestos curtain, as the comedian in musical shows delights in doing, I should be keen to observe whether anyone laughed. (Someone always does, at the musical show.)

These are vital questions, but the answers remain in the realm of speculation, pending conflagration. Enough has been said, however, to indicate why I should hesitate a long time before leaving a theatre in case of fire. I should probably become so absorbed in the scene, with its dramatic elements in such marked contrast with the evening's previous entertainment, that I should forget which exit I had chosen. It would be awkward to have to bother people, asking them which exit they thought I ought to take.

The more I think about it, the more I become convinced that the program ought to give some instruction on leaving the theatre under ordinary

circumstances, under which head I naturally include plays. It seems reasonable to assume that, for every person who wants to leave during a fire, there are a million who want to leave during a play, and several million more who want to leave at the end of a play. Surely something should be said to help them out, in every sense of the word.



OF course, if I were concerning myself with the less complex forms of amusement, the answer would be comparatively easy. In vaudeville, for example, the system is thorough, and delightful in its simplicity. It does not call for first aid from the printed program. The audience divides itself, almost as if by prearrangement, into those who will leave when the acrobatic act starts, and those who will leave when the films start. This clears the house with the minimum of confusion. Naturally, the alignment of the withdrawing forces varies somewhat, the percentage of masculine retirement in the first group depending upon the percentage of feminine performers among the acrobats, for instance. But, making allowance for such minor adjustments, the results are surprisingly smooth.

Then in burlesque—if one may compromise fair white paper by considering that field for a moment—the solution is equally simple. The final line-up of comedians and chorus is the signal for a mad scramble for air, in which air is invariably worsted. So alert is your average burlesque audience that it never makes a mistake. Efforts to cover up this final foregathering of the faithful, and thus keep the men in their seats until the curtain, have proved fruitless. Not even the device of bringing the chorus on in a new set of gowns, exemplifying all the cloth-conserving rules, will throw the spectators off their guard. The final blare of the orchestra always finds even the stragglers well on their way to the nearest bar.

Turning to the theatre proper,—using the adjective in both senses—I find a curious lack of unanimity toward the problem of leaving a theatre. The audiences seem incapable of working out any principles of guidance. With the exception of a certain number of men, who have kept in training all evening by taking advantage of every intermission, there is no concerted movement at all.



YOU are doubtless familiar with a few of the types, whose very existence serves to emphasize the absence of any fixed standards. There is the man who fishes his hat out from under the seat at the beginning of the last act, and gets his legs braced for a flying start. Suddenly, right in the midst of things, you see him dart up the aisle, body bent forward, crouching like some animal. He is generally out the door at the very first inkling of impending dénouement. At the other extreme is the woman who has to do so many things to herself that she has to do half of them in semi-darkness. She frequently doesn't dislodge herself until attendants force the decision on her by appearing with the dust-covers for the seats.

Between these two, lie all the variations. Some

persons "key" their departure by the lines of the play, some by their timepieces, and some by the fidgeting of their escorts. None of these methods is to be depreciated, of course, but the regrettable feature of the whole thing is that this lack of a single standard of mobility, so to speak, dissipates one's energies, besides annoying the ushers, who respond to a number of false alarms under the impression that all is over.

The thing will never be done right until the audience acts as a unit. That much is certain. And it seems to be pretty generally agreed that the author's ideas as to when everybody should go home are to be ignored altogether. It is, in fact, considered extremely old-fashioned to time your departure by what is going on on the stage. It indicates that you haven't a train to catch, or an after-theatre party to join, or that you are really interested in the play, and of course, no one cares to expose himself to that presumption.

The problem is, what method shall be used? One plan which, I believe, has never been given a fair trial, would be to flash the lights on in the auditorium for an instant, some little time before the end of the piece. This idea, you will observe, is identical with that in vogue in public libraries to warn readers that it is time to wake up and go home. It would have the merit of being not too obtrusive, and might disturb the actors less than a gong would.



A TIMEKEEPER with a stop-watch, stationed in the lobby for several consecutive evenings, would be able to arrive at a fairly accurate average by checking up on the outgoing crowds. His findings could then be posted, and the audience requested to govern itself accordingly.

Probably the simplest way of all, however, would be merely to place a note in the program, beneath that one about choosing your exit in case of fire, advising the audience that the best reaction may be secured from this play by hurrying away when the hero says: "Then you knew it was my cousin all along?" or when the testy old uncle remarks, "I think you children won't need me any more," or whatever the line happens to be for that particular play.

If managers will only do that, theatregoers will be kept on the *qui vive* right up to the "key" line. Thus suspense will be assured until the final exodus, if not until the final curtain, and everyone will go home satisfied. Program music is accepted without question; why not program drama?

When one turns from the problem of leaving the theatre to the problem of entering the theatre, the situation—as the war dispatches say—remains unchanged.

The managers appear to have a sliding scale of starts. In the newspapers, the curtains rise at 8:00, 8:10, 8:15, 8:20, 8:30 or 8:45. In reality, the curtains rise at 8:07, 8:13½, 8:22¾, 8:31, 8:42½ and 9:03. These figures are for the evening. For matinées, subtract the difference, and multiply by 3.1416.

The theatre may as well borrow for its own use the invitation with which one church in the lower Fifth Avenue section of New York heralds its noon-day services: "Come when you can. Leave when you must."





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E. Lyall Swete

Richard Hatteras

Ethel Barrymore

Act I. Belinda, a grass widow for eighteen years, having a flirtation with her two admirers—a poet and a statistician



Eva Le Gallienne Cyril Keightley

Ethel Barrymore

E. Lyall Swete

Richard Hatteras

Act III. Belinda's husband, who has never seen his child, Delia, is made to believe that she is the supposed widow's niece

ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "BELINDA," A NEW COMEDY AT THE EMPIRE



# TYPES—

## MISS CATHERINE CALVERT, SPANISH BY WAY OF IRELAND AND FRANCE

By ANNE ARCHBALD



**S**PANISH, by way of Ireland and France? *Qu'est-ce-que c'est que cela?* Spanish by way of Ireland and France? A French mother and an Irish father, *parbleu! C'est tout à fait simple, n'est-ce-pas?*

Then one can be a Spanish type without actually having Spanish blood in the veins? But yes. It is the same as with the ingénue. You may be born the type, or achieve it, or have it thrust upon you. You may be native born and represent the type of your nationality, or again, vice versely, you may not. The important thing is to come young and early—or even better late than never—to an artistic realization of your assets and potentialities, to the finding out of that particular niche in which you belong. It is imperative if you are to get the maximum of effectiveness out of your personal appearance.



*It's a pity you can't see how cleverly crimson is combined with navy blue in this summer suit of Miss Calvert's. The side panels of the skirt lapping slightly over the accordion pleated front and back are lined with it, there is crimson charmeuse with soutachings of black braid across the waist line of the sash, as well as on the sleeves, crimson in the fringe. The blouse is of crimson crêpe, to which a ring and bracelet of rubies play chorus*



*Could any hat be a more fitting frame for a Spanish beauty than this made entirely of black georgette, with its close-fitting crown and row of black velvet balls around the brim? It is contrasted with an evening frock of vivid Spanish green, and the proper finishing touch given by a pair of earrings of gold and small pearls, antiques found in an old New Orleans shop*

Miss Calvert, star of the Frank Keeney Pictures, who is appearing in a picturization of "The Romance of the Underworld," a play by her late husband, Paul Armstrong, realized hers early, and registers it beautifully for you here in the first two pictures on this page as far as lines and surfaces go; though you cannot know that her skin is a pale Spanish olive, that her brilliant, darting eyes under her high-arched brows are dark brown, as is her hair. And that she has the "bee-stung" underlip of poetic fame, beneath a row of white, white teeth.

Note Miss Calvert's hair particularly! The coiffure is her own origination, worked out, with the aid of the little "Infanta" of Velasquez—you remember the picture?—as model; and is one of the most striking and individual things about her appearance. It looks as if it were bobbed in all but one of the photographs, doesn't it? And so it does from most angles in real life. Though it isn't really—couldn't be, because Miss Calvert has need of its length and entirety for the different screen parts she must play. The hair is drawn straight back from the forehead, fluffed and bunched artfully to resemble a bob at the sides, deeply marcelled across the head to hold it in place, and then wound in a soft, unobtrusive, flat knot low down at the back of the neck.

"The way you do your hair is one of the very most important things about your whole appearance," Miss Calvert said. "It can make or mar you. I should concentrate on that first if I were trying to realize my type, work over it until I had it just the way I wanted, and then build up to and around that."

Miss Calvert joins the throng of actresses who demand simplicity of lines and surfaces, space and air, so to speak, in their clothes. But then I have yet to find the actress who doesn't mention that as the first and basic essential of artistic dressing, the second being the suitability of color masses and combinations to the wearer. And the two together forming all the law and the prophets. Easy enough to state in theory, but involving technical knowledge of a thousand and one things in its practice.





An evening gown of Spanish green chiffon will be a favorite with Miss Calvert this summer, trimmed with bands of dulled gold tissue put on the bodice in such a line as to make it look as if there were a little jacket. The flesh colored silk net lining comes above the green to form a top part, over which there falls a floating panel of the green, from the gold band to the bottom of the skirt, a novel treatment for backs which we recommend to your imitation



"I have been wearing this type of frock for years," Miss Calvert says, "and I have a sash on everything I can." "This" is of foulard in a wonderful shade of French blue, figured in blocks of white and made over the palest of flesh-colored silk, the sash being lined with white. The edges of the long flowing sleeves are picoted and turned back over the white to form a deep cuff. The little hat is of black satin with a French blue feather

Miss Calvert carries her love of simple long lines and masses of color even into her "mufti." The Japanese kimono is of the most brilliant flame-colored silk—a flame with orange in its composition—embroidered in gold birds, bordered with a band of gold tissue, and worn over a gold tissue slip. And that no detail should be out of harmony gold slippers and stockings go with it



# FEATURING UTILITY AND AESTHETICS

By  
ANGELINA



At Altman's Angelina saw this enchanting sand-colored bathing suit in wool jersey, a one-piece combination with a skirt in four large waves or scallops, in the center of each of which was embroidered a worsted rose in peacock blue. Pippings of peacock blue silk ran round the edges and there was a sash of the same with worsted fringe

it an excellent material for the suits.

The velvet bathing suit impressed me favorably after being demonstrated. I asked them to have it put aside as a very likely possibility. It certainly was an attractive model, cut simple and straight, up and down, like a child's frock, piped around the buttonholes in old blue and the belt lined with the same shade. . . . I suppose we felt just the same about using satin for bathing suit material when it was first offered us, though I can't really remember.

We had just got as far as the first exhibit, the clerk and I, when Miss Marion Davies, the radiant picture that she always is, came sailing through the department.

"Bathing suit for you?" she cried out, catching sight of me.

"Looks like as if," I answered.

"Why don't you see my bathing suit first, before you get yours?" she said eagerly. "It's of that new satin, 'waterette,' very lustrous and pliable and specially constructed for bathing suits. Mine has such a smart cut, too, with a short fly-away skirt showing bloomers of the 'waterette' underneath. I made a tremendous hit in it at Palm Beach, if I do say it myself."

"I'm absolutely sure of it," I said. "Not only because it's you, but because I heard rumors to that effect. And I should love to see the 'waterette' satin. But I'm too busy to have a bathing suit made for me. I must get one here and now, ready to wear. Do sit down a minute and help choose, won't you? I'm sure you haven't seen the new bathing wraps."

\* \* \* \* \*

So we passed in review suits of wool jersey and suits of fibre silk jersey—a beauty in deep crimson with a narrow line of black doing duty as a border—and suits of black satin. One suit had its top part of dark blue wool jersey, the jersey coming well below the hips, to which was added—again like a child's frock—a pleated frill of waterproof ecru foulard spotted in dark blue, the same foulard being around the neck. With it went a cape of blue jersey with a soft collar and long tying ends of the foulard.

JUNE is the month for buying bathing suits and *lingerie*, isn't it? Me, I am already outfitted as to both. Quite confidentially I have to confess that I was entirely surprised when I came to shop for the bathing suits. I had no idea the things they've been doing with them this year, since I'd been too busy to get down to Palm Beach and see what was being worn. But even so it wasn't at all like me to let anything concerning the modes pass me by. I don't know how I came to be so sleepy about it.

"Velvet?" I almost gasped at the clerk at Altman's, as she brought out, as the first model to show me, a bathing suit of black chiffon velvet. "Velvet bathing suits!"

"Oh, yes," responded the clerk rather amused by my astonishment. "We tried them out in a small way last year and found the women liked them so well that we just naturally had to have them for this year. The velvet is treated, of course, so that water doesn't harm it, and the firm body of it, its softness and lightness makes

As far as the bathing capes go, you'd be hard put to it to tell the difference between them and a cape to wear motoring, or over sport clothes, or even on the Avenue. Some of them would be a little too bright-colored for town, that's the only difference, outside of the actual rubber ones, which belong entirely to the bathing beach. When I told Edwin at lunch the other day about my morning's shopping, he said:

"It all sounds perfectly good to me. Only they should change the name. Those aren't bathing suits you're talking about. They're water costumes."

Well, my water costume in the end was the black velvet suit piped in old blue, a new kind of rubber cap with its silk handkerchief made all in one with it—in blue to match my eyes—and a beach cape of emerald green and tan hopsacking with the darlingest and most ingenious kind of welt or slight bulge in its upper tan section for one's shoulders to snuggle into, a bulge made, I presume, with a damp cloth and a hot iron, but that took a master craftsman to know how to manipulate. I'm sure I shall find occasions for wearing that cape besides the bathing beach.

\* \* \* \* \*

If I was caught napping about the bathing suits I wasn't at all about the *dessous*. I'm right up on that because the clever Van Raalte people were ple called me up and invited me specially to come down to see their Niagara Maid Underwear. You thought the Van Raalte people were the ones who made the lovely veillings? So they are and do and so we trust they will continue to "till the stars grow cold." But they have taken over in addition, during the past year, the Niagara Maid Underwear, applying the same artistic treatment to that as they do to their veillings, turning out the loveliest and most practical models.

It's all made of what we know as Italian silk, the Van Raalte Niagara Maid Underwear! That doesn't mean that the silk comes from, or necessarily originated in Italy, but only that it's a particular weave or make. There are shirts and knickers and camisoles and envelope chemises and plain chemises of it. And the very latest thing! A "step-in" chemise. I prophesy that it will supersede the envelope, which it is like, except that the flap piece is sewn fast and will not unbutton, and the skirt part is fuller and hangs from a deep yoke. There was a parti-colored model in pink and blue, the blue bottom part hemstitched onto a pink middle in scallops, and the pink in turn onto a blue yoke, that was too adorable. It looked just like something dolly and pert that Frances White or Ann Pennington might wear in the Follies. Look it up when you go into the shops. It will repay you.

Besides the step-in chemise the practicality of the little sets of knickers and short chemises to go with them appealed to me immensely. A very dainty and original set had as its only trimming three rows of baby ribbon—washable—pale blue, pale yellow, and pale lavender running around the bottom of the knickers and around the top of the chemise. This type of finish was effective through its sheer simplicity and would have the added advantage of washing and ironing beautifully.



We are adopting the Continental mode a every smart bathing suit must have a corresponding beach wrap, the two together making what Edwin calls a "water costume." This of emerald green and tan hopsacking bottom green, top tan, shelters a black chiffon velvet bathing suit piped around the bottom holes, the neck and belt with old blue



To carry with one's "water costume" there should be one of these bathing beach carry-alls, to hold powder and handkerchief and a snack of something. It comes in black or red satine outside with rubber lining for \$1.50



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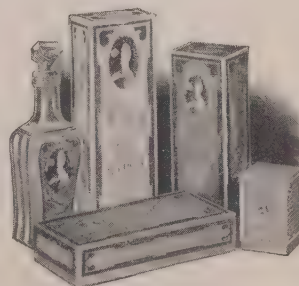
Q-BAN restores the original color of the hair gradually, uniformly and *naturally*. And brings back, too, its youthful softness, lustre and beauty because Q-BAN invigorates scalp and hair and keeps them healthy. Positively eradicates dandruff.

Q-BAN is *not* a dye. It will not stain the scalp, rub or wash off, or prevent shampooing and waving. Easily applied. Never makes the hair unsightly. To the woman whose hair is gray, streaked with gray or faded, Q-BAN HAIR COLOR RESTORER is a toilet necessity. Sold by all reliable druggists on Money-Back Guarantee. Price 75c.

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50c and \$1.00

An antiseptic, hygienic, hair dressing as necessary to the proper care of the hair as a dentifrice to the teeth. Should be used daily by children and adults. Removes dandruff, keeps the hair soft and promotes its growth. Ensures a healthy scalp. Your druggist also has Q-BAN LIQUID SHAMPOO, Q-BAN TOILET SOAP and Q-BAN ODORLESS DEPILATORY.



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## FEATURING UTILITY AND AESTHETICS

French women, I know, have never taken kindly to the envelope chemise, and have never given up their allegiance to the little old original straight "chimmy." A favorite model with them just now is a straight chemise laid in fine pleats down its whole length hanging from a small yoke, and the Van Raalte Company have one like this among their Niagara Maids, and I am going to have one for myself. It's an excellent chemise for evening, or for "special." A little too de luxe for ordinary everyday wear, as in order not to disarrange the dear little pleats it will have to make trips to the cleaners.

\* \* \*

Mother and I spent such an interesting hour the other afternoon buying a new phonograph, a phonograph housed in one of the period cabinets. We've been freshening and touching up the living-room of the Long Island house for the summer and Mother thinks—and I agree with her perfectly—that the old style cabinet we have looks really a most unattractive and obtrusive object in it. We were puzzling over where it should stand to show least, one day last week when Mother and I ran down to the country to see how the work of summerizing had come on, when I decided to lay down the law.

"This living-room," I said, "is so perfect as it is"—it's all blue and white chintz, and Hawthorn bowls and one or two vivid yellow porcelain vases for the flowers, with William and Mary furniture—"it would be the greatest pity to spoil it by even a single detail. Do let's chuck the old cabinet and have one of those period cabinets that I've been hearing about and then it won't make any difference where we put it. We can't do without the dear old thing—what's a summer home without a phonograph, I ask you?—and that will solve the problem."

So when we came up to town Mother and I went at once to the Columbia Graphophone House on Fifth Avenue—and just going in there is such good fun in itself. It's been copied after an old English house, done in dark oak woodwork and crimson velvet hangings, and one enters at once off the street into a square reception room. A big sofa is stretched in front of a stone fireplace and that room is kept entirely for meeting people. Off this there runs a gallery with rooms on one side and the period cabinets stand in these and along the gallery as if they were part of the furnishing of the place.

I hate to use the poor, harassed, pestered-to-death word, but *camouflage* is the only one that fits the case. You would never know unless you were told that you weren't seeing chests of Gothic, or Queen Anne lowboys—if they called them that in Queen Anne's time—or

Chinese lacquer cabinets. There are twenty-three models in all, covering every furniture period, and they have been worked out by specialists in period furniture, that each is absolutely authentic and will fit in with whatever furniture you have in your house. If you have no definite period you are quite free to choose the cabinet that seems the most attractive to you. And they are so perfect you might well make it a life's ambition to furnish the rest of the room, even the house, around that, as the old story of living up to the fire-screen.

\* \* \*

Some of the cabinets have taken up space for the records, and some are smaller in size, for just the tone. And all the cabinets contain a very fine instrument, especially made for them.

\* \* \*

Mother and I hesitated a bit between a simple Queen Anne cabinet with brass drop handles—we thought that it would fit in with the living-room furniture at a pinch and was less expensive—and a William and Mary that really did belong. But we finally decided that the small amount more oughtn't to matter in comparison with having a thing entirely right. So the William and Mary it is! It has oak panelling with a walnut top, storage space for the records on one-half and tone on the other. In the top space there is a little electric lamp for seeing where to set the needle and a non-set self-stopper. I can see where we are going to have a very merry week-ends this summer. The period cabinet was just the needed addition to the living-room.

\* \* \*

And right after we'd ordered the cabinet we had a little demonstration of our good judgment. We went to one of those come-and-go-as-you-please Studio Nights' entertainments that people have been having this year in lieu of more formal entertaining, and though the hosts of the occasion had furnished the big room of their handsome duplex apartment so artistically with old Gothic furniture brought from the other side, they still had a mahogany cabinet of the older type for their phonograph, making a corner of the room entirely out of the picture. "If now," said Mother and I to each other after, "they had only had that big Fifteenth Century Gothic cabinet that we saw the other week we bought ours, whose wood seemed in certain lights as if it were brown, how quite right the room would have looked."

If you have been acquiring a collection of records stretching over many years you will want an overflow receptacle for them, and the Columbia Company have provided for that too, with either what looks like a small table, its top opening up, or a pseudo desk, its lid opening down and these are made in the same periods as the cabinets.



## SNAPLESS, BUTTONLESS—THE SILKEN JOY *of the* WAR WORKER



*VANITY FAIR* simply had to do something about those maids—yes, and matrons too—who would a-purling go! They just wouldn't stay at home and sew on snaps and buttons.

They don't have to now, though—the Vanity Fair Step-In Envelope is positively the last whisper in designing. You step in (you judged that by the name) and better still, you stay in!

There's not a snap or button anywhere to open or come off—the envelope is opened on each side from the dainty hemstitched hem to the hip-line and allows a comfortable fullness.

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Ask for Vanity Fair in silk vests, unions, Pettibockers, and knickers, too. If you have difficulty in getting the Vanity Fair Step-In Envelope, send us \$4.00 and you will receive it postpaid. The shops that carry smart apparel sell Vanity Fair Undersilks.



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*A period cabinet of the Columbia Graphophone Company in Italian Gothic, the actual copy of an old model. It is handworked in old oak, finished in polycrome, with old hinges and old lock. All of these period cabinets have a specially fine instrument made for them, little electric lamps for seeing where to set the needle, and non-set self stoppers*





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## The VANITY BOX

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\* \* \*

MADAME LINA CAVALIERI is the first to talk to you. Who more fitting? Her beauty is supreme and unassailed, its reputation an international matter. Added to that she has had a shop on Fifth Avenue—this several years ago—run in conjunction with her brother for the sale of beauty preparations, and has written a series of articles on beauty for one of the newspapers.

And how really lovely Madame Cavalieri is! From her head to her heels! Hair, eyebrows, long-lashed dark eyes, teeth, wrists and hands—marvelous wrists and hands—everything! A pure Roman type! One needs constant italics and exclamation points in writing about her. You think of what Svengali said of Trilby's "beautiful bones"; and of a remark made of another type of beautiful woman, "There's nothing wrong with her anywhere!" You have only to see Madame Cavalieri on the screen to know what is meant.

What might be called Madame Cavalieri's beauty credo for the skin, built up gradually, bit by bit, runs somewhat as follows:

\* \* \*

"I BELIEVE in cold cream for the face, but not too much of it. An indiscriminate use weakens the tissues and makes them flabby, as does too much massage. Personally I have found that vaseline is excellent for my skin, but that is a matter for the individual woman to find out for herself.

"I believe in cold water sometimes, and hot water sometimes, and lukewarm water sometimes, and sometimes in soap. The complexion too should have variety and change to spice its life.

"I believe that the pores of the skin to keep well and healthy and insure for themselves a fine and beautiful existence should be allowed many breathing spells. Therefore, a powder should be used that does not adhere too thickly and closely to the skin, keeping out all air and sun.

"I believe in being very careful about choosing this powder, in seeing that it is made by reliable chemists who will not use white lead in its composition, which is so bad for the skin.

(Concluded on page 384)



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# BEAUTY

## through the Summer

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In summer, and winter sometimes too, the sun is woman's greatest enemy. In this respect Mme. Rubinstein recommends **Special Valaze Skinfood** in conjunction with **Valaze Sun and Windproof Balm**. **Valaze Special Skinfood** (Price \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$6.00) is applied before retiring for the night where **Sun and Windproof Balm** (Price \$1.50, \$3.00 and \$5.00) neutralizes the chemical action of the sun's rays. Elegant foundation for powder.

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## THE VANITY BOX

(Continued from page 382)

"I believe very strongly in the proper shade of powder. Not the dead white powder the American women use. That is not good. Rarely has any woman a skin that needs white powder. Use flesh, if you are very blonde, blended powder for a medium complexion, cream for a white skin, and brunette for a decided brunette.

"Lastly, I believe in rouge, if needed. I use it. Though I make my own, of powdered carmine and talc, and also in a touch of red salve for the lips."

\* \* \*

As June ushers in the summer sun, two vital problems for the complexion present themselves. In the one case a problem for the country and the seashore, and in the other a problem more particularly concerned with town—and where a woman dashes back and forth from one to the other, what with war work and week-ends, she must be prepared to tackle both.

First problem, how can one keep the complexion from being tanned or sunburned? Second problem, how can one keep the face from looking shiny and greasy?

Madame Helena Rubinstein, Ladies, has supplied you with solutions—Yes, in two instances, literally—for your problems.

First, with a protection against sunburn. We thought it very clever a few years ago not only to acquire, but even to force a coat of tan, and we had the superstition that burning by the fierce rays of the sun was excellent for the complexion. We rather had the notion that it would burn out all impurities.

But the scientific specialists who deal with the care of the skin have taught us better. We now know that the summer sun, allowed to act directly against the skin is bad for it. It dries up the tissues, coarsens the surface, and produces fine wrinkles.

Therefore, before going out into the heat the complexion should be given a fine film of the Rubinstein **Baume Verte**, a wonderful protective foundation for the skin, and especially intended for those that are very dry and sensitive. It is a liquid, not a cream, and so many women like to use it better.

If you prefer a cream, however, there is a special one for the same purpose, called **Sunproof and Windproof Cream**. That should be used, like the **Baume Verte**, before going out into the sun, with a dusting of powder over it.

For the problem of summer shininess Madame Rubinstein has just received something quite new and special from Paris: a **Beauty Cream**, intended for greasy skins. At the same time that it removes the objectionable high lights and general polish it whitens the skin as well.

A liquid looking like old sherry is the **Valaze Extrait**, another tonic against the weather. It is a great soothing lotion, takes away the fine wrinkles that come around the eyes from sun and water, and makes excellent compresses for eyes tired and wind-blown from motoring.

For summer evening make-up Madame Rubinstein recommends her **Snow Lotion**, which does not give the hard look that most liquid powders do, but has a very soft and natural appearance.

She has special powders for different types of skins, for the dry, and—harping again on my theme—for the greasy.

From Madame Rubinstein's laboratory, there are:

Summer rouges in cream, instead of the older-fashioned powder cakes, that blend softly into the skin and leave no outline to show where they have been applied, as so many of the crude rouges do. These come in charming little flat boxes convenient for one's handbag, or for traveling, and in several different and extraordinary natural shades.

Also a lip salve that is really remarkable, quite the best we know for naturalness and for staying qualities,—that most vital property and cardinal virtue in a lip salve.



## NAIAD

### Dress Shields

for  
Dainty Women

The dress shield is in higher favor than ever before. For a short period fashion tried to discriminate against its use, but soon discovered her mistake. Today it is only a question of which shield.

Women in general and dress-makers in particular, should understand the distinct advantage of using Naiad Shields in all costumes for all seasons and all occasions. It is the shield with the troubles left out!

Naiad shields are a guaranty, not only of comfort, dainty cleanliness, protection for the most vulnerable spot in every gown or blouse, but—

**Naiad Shields are rubberless**, which means they are odorless, absolutely free from all disagreeable taint or suggestion of rubber.

This is a feature which gives Naiad Shields unquestioned preference over all others.

Quickly sterilized in boiling water, like new each time they are washed. Made in all styles and sizes to meet all needs. At all good stores or sample pair by mail for 28 cents.

C. E. CONOVER CO.  
101 Franklin St. New York



"This is my Beauty Reserver"

## HYGIENOL

The **STERILIZED**  
**POWDER PUFF**

The Finest Quality Lamb's Wool  
In Individual Envelopes bearing Trade Mark  
showing Lamb's Face in Circle—

Five Popular Sizes  
10" 15" 20" 25" 35"  
At All Best Dealers



"Protector of All Women's Beauty"  
is the title of beautifully illustrated  
booklet which shows how HYGIENOL  
Powder Puffs are made. FREE on request  
MAURICE LEVY, 15 W. 38th Street, New York City  
Importer of Famous Crème Simon and  
Société Hygienique Toilet Products

## Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 2 stamps. We teach Beauty Culture.

D. J. MAHLER  
276-A Mahler Park Providence, R. I.

Many of the photographs reproduced in the Theatre Magazine come from the Ira L. Hill's Studio, 580 Fifth Ave., New York, where duplicates of any that particularly interest you may be purchased.





## EGYPTIAN DEITIES

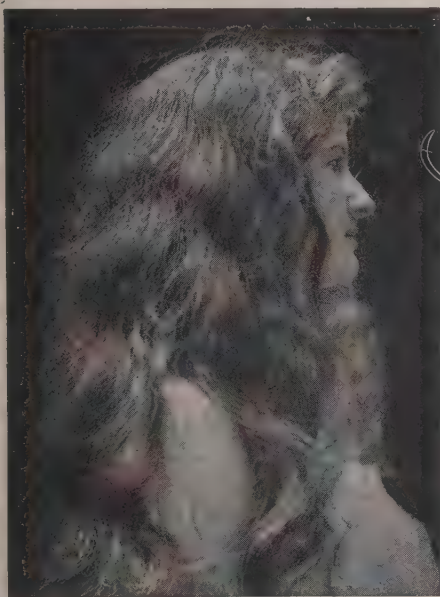
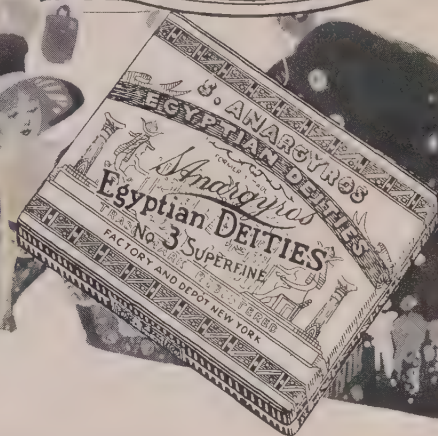
*"The Utmost in Cigarettes"*  
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably **PREFER** Deities to any other cigarette.

25¢

*Anargyros*

Makers of the *Highest Grade* Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



*For  
sheen  
and  
softness*

Shampooing regularly with **PACKER'S TAR SOAP** protects the health of the scalp and brings out the beauty of the hair.

**PACKER'S TAR SOAP**

*Cake and Liquid*

Geraldine Farrar's Summer Frocks  
In the July Theatre Magazine

**A**NNE ARCHBALD will tell you of the exquisite frocks and summer things that Miss Farrar showed her during a recent interesting interview with the versatile star of the Opera and the Screen—Illustrated with charming pictures of Miss Farrar.

GOOD COMPANY  
GOOD DINNER  
GOOD SPEECHES

AND

**CLYSMIC**  
OF COURSE

KING OF TABLE WATERS



(Continued from page 352)

shabbiness, of Manon's pathetic victim, the Chevalier des Grioux. But just that he gives you, with tenderness, with charm. Intelligence and technical skill provide him with the means to comprehend and present characters that primarily one might not take to be rôles for him. He has not yet had the chance to appear here as Othello in Verdi's opera, as John of Leyden in "The Prophet," or as Renaud in "Armide," but his success in those parts one foresees as a matter of course. M. Muratore, however, is as eager to appear as the simple-minded Juggler Jean in "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" and the peasant lad, Nemorino, whose carouse with the quack doctor's love potion is an hilarious feature of "L'Elisir d'Amore." From which one infers the range of the art commanded by the soldier-tenor who here in America is giving his voice to the same cause that formerly he fought for hand-to-hand in the trenches.

Shirking military duties has not, by the way, been a fashion with French musicians. Though few of them have actually participated in the fighting, most of them have been in one branch of the service or another. Notable besides M. Muratore among those we know here who have really fought are Pierre Monteux, the admirable conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, who spent the first twenty-two months of the war in the trenches, and Maurice Renaud, the great baritone, who, though beyond the military age, enlisted early in the war. Léon Rothier, the Metropolitan bass, was also with his regiment for several weeks at the beginning of the conflict, until rheumatism rendered him unfit for further military service. France can rightfully be proud of the vast majority of her sons, among them the patriotic and devoted musicians, Muratore, Monteux, Renaud and the rest, who have rendered service to their country.

## COLUMBIA RECORDS

NORA BAYES, Al Jolson, Van and Schenck, and the Farber Sisters are among the bright particular stars of the variety stage, who twinkle in the June group of Columbia records.

Van and Schenck by the way, make their Columbia début this month with a most melodious hit—"In the Land O'Yamo Yamo."

Mr. Jolson and the Farber Sisters give some of the song successes of the newest Winter Garden hits, including "N' Everything." For lovers of more classical music, this list offers the well-known Stracciari in the great baritone solo from "Traviata"; the *Stradella* and "Martha Overture," by the Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Joseph Stransky; a Tchaikowsky selection by the Boston String Quartette and a magnificent "March of the Opera" from Borodin's "Prince Igor."

There are several very prominent timely war song hits including a rattling good camp song from Fort Niagara which is no less than the famous old "K-K-Katy."

Included in the list is another of the just famous Thornton Burgess Bedtime Story records which every mother in the land has learned to look for with joy unadulterated.

"Only think, Mr. Grogan, that great piani-pounder has practised so hard at the pianny for the last six months that he has paralysed two fingers."

"Begorrah, that's nothing, Mrs. Doolan. Me daughter, Mary Ann, has practised so hard for the last six months that she's paralysed two piannies."—*Musical America*.

## VICTOR RECORDS

RICH, indeed, is the present month in musical offerings!

Geraldine Farrar, in her presentation of the beloved "Meditation," rises to the heights of artistry.

The music of the "Meditation" which accompanies the voice of Farrar throughout, a celestially passionate song of violins mounting above harp notes of gold and the clear chanting of brass, is worked up to a climax of the greatest power and beauty.

War, aside from its horrors, is ever the great awakener of tender emotions and such emotions find ready relief in song. It is a song of this character that John McCormack is making immensely popular by his presentation of it in his drive from Coast to Coast while raising a \$100,000 Red Cross fund.

"God Be With Our Boys Tonight," on a new Victrola Record, is a song whose words we all can echo.

Reinald Werrenrath also enters the month's patriotic lists with the rendition of two songs, both on one Victor Record. One is "Lafayette (We Hear You Calling)."

The other presentation is *Freedom For All Forever* which also expresses aspirations we all hold dear.

"Three Wonderful Letters from Home" is effectively sung by Charles Hart, on a new Victor Record.

The sporting editor of a Western paper was sent out to report a wedding. Next morning the musical people of the place were astonished to learn that Mendel & Sons' *Wedding March* was played at the ceremony.

## AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Franklin H. Sargent, President

(The standard institution of dramatic education for thirty-three years)

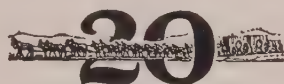
Detailed catalog from the Secretary

ROOM 172, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

## For the Toilette

SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But



## 20 MULE TEAM BORAX

is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You will find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

All Dealers sell  
20 MULE TEAM BORAX

For the Bath



# MOTION PICTURE SECTION

*Edited by MIRILO*



MISS CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG



# Taking the Shell Off Dad



**D**OESN'T *look* as if he needed it, does he? But he *did* need it three minutes ago before the youngsters got him in tow. Sat there in his armchair with cigar and paper and guessed he just didn't *want* to see any pictures.

But that's all changed now. Dad has found out that a *Paramount* or *Artcraft* feature is mighty well worth the effort of getting there, with its foremost stars, superb directing and clean treatment.

Dad's was a bad case, too.

Stubborn!

But, arrived at the theatre, he was quick to see the tremendous difference between what *he remembered* of motion pictures—it's quite a while since he went—and the

*Paramount* and *Artcraft* photo-plays of today.

"Somebody seems to have got the right idea," he admitted cheerfully half way through the performance, and the family soon let him know *which* somebody that was, and how *Paramount* and *Artcraft* had come mighty near taking all the guess-work out of motion pictures.

Go to it, children of America and wives young and staying young! *Take the shells off all the Dads!*

The wiser they are the more they will enjoy

- the *foremost* stars,
- the *superb* directing,
- the *clean* motion pictures
- of *Paramount!* of *Artcraft!*

## Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Three Ways to Know *how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures*

*one* By seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

*two* By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

*three* By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION  
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General  
NEW YORK



"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"



## How Much Rope Does It Take?—

**W**HEN will the public, without any volition, other than its inherent sense of decency, protest against the producer whose product is introduced to them by means of indecent, suggestive titles?

The most flagrant violator of these uncalled-for titles, has been in the past, and is at present, a well known Film Corporation whose past performances come under such titles as "Where Are My Children?" "The Price of a Good Time," "Scandal," and last but not least, he offers us "The Doctor and the Woman," taken from Mary Roberts Rinehart's novel, "K", published by an old and well known publishing house. What decent excuse has he to offer for changing the title of a mystery story such as "K" to that of "The Doctor and the Woman"?

I am going to answer for him. No thought to the uplift of one of the five greatest industries in the world—no thought except that a title such as this will draw at the box-office.

When will authors, particularly such as Mary Roberts Rinehart, protest against the change of a title, and when will publishers such as published the above Rinehart novel, insist that the author's title, particularly when suited to pictures, be unchanged?

And further when will both of these refuse to sell motion picture material to producers whose ideas run to such dirty propaganda?

And still further, when will exhibitors realize that clean, wholesome pictures with no lure to their titles will make more money for them than pictures produced with suggestive titles?

Just as this publication is about to go to press, comes the news that Lois Weber has completed a so-called feature entitled "For Husbands Only." I can only repeat: How Much Rope Does It Take?—

MIRILO.



# MARION DAVIES

— IN —

## “Cecilia Of The Pink Roses”

One of the most beautiful and gifted young women of the American Stage in a screen version of a story already popular in book form.

A human drama filled with tense dramatic moments, pathetic incidents and stirring love scenes that will quicken the pulse of any audience.

Staged under the personal supervision of

JULIUS STEGER,

one of the greatest motion picture directors, with infinite attention to scenic effects, to cast and to costumes and detail.



Released Early in June by the

MARION DAVIES FILM CO., INC.

311 LONGACRE BLDG.

NEW YORK CITY



# ORGANIZING THE FIFTH INDUSTRY

## BY ONE WHO HAS WATCHED IT GROW

FOR the cinema to have become the fifth industry in this country, it goes without saying that extraordinary business ability, wide vision and especially much of that prized American quality, "common sense," must have been used by *someone* to make the wheels run smoothly, each fitting, as it does, into the next like a cog-wheel of some gigantic machine.

Several years ago a terrific condition of chaos reigned in the industry. Producers vied with each other in the number of pictures they could "turn out" in a week or a month. Quality was thrown to the winds for the sake of quantity and the haphazard, unstable condition of affairs resulting from rivalry and petty quarrels between producers and distributors made it a wonder that as many even decent pictures ever were shown as were.

Many attempts were made to organize the business in those days, but they were all unsuccessful, owing generally, to the jealousy and petty bickering of small producing companies. The many different producing companies—the manufacturers, in other words, necessitated many different distributors and the extra expense of running so many separate organizations was terrific.

\* \* \*

THE forming of the great Famous Players-Lasky organization came as near to solving this great muddle as anything could, due, chiefly, to the great insight of its president, Adolph Zukor. Mr. Zukor had been president of the Famous Players producing organization, which had become so powerful that it had gained control of many of the exchanges distributing Paramount pictures. When, about six months ago, several other companies, namely, the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Film Company, the Moresco and Bosworth Companies and Artcraft Pictures Corporation, together with Paramount Pictures Corporation, joined to form the famous Players-Lasky Company, the biggest step in the direction of a real organization, in the history of the industry, was accomplished.

Then, and then only, were the men who made the pictures working in direct contact with the men who sold them, the men who advertised them, the men who sent them out, and the men who finally owed them to the great public. A big central office was established in New York from which direct lines of communication with the different branches could be maintained and a hereto undreamed of co-operation secured. Twenty-eight branch offices were established in the United States, which would get into direct contact with the many exhibitors, the final consumers of the product. The exchanges have been and are

constantly being opened all over the world, from Canada to Japan.

So far the details of this great organization have seemed comparatively simple yet, taking the different departments in the order in which a picture would be handled, one finds that below the surface simplicity of their agreement, there is a complexity, a perfection of detail that is absolutely astonishing. An outsider visiting the bustling offices, either at New York where are stationed the executive offices, the publicity and advertising offices, the sales department, the purchasing and accounting departments, together with a part of the scenario staff, would see only smoothly running business offices, resembling any great office handling a specific output.

The scenario department would probably come first in the order of the manufacture of the pictures for it is there that the scenario, which you or I or Cousin Jim sent, comes first. A large corps of readers is kept busy reading and carefully synopsisizing these scenarios which come in many forms, from two-hundred word stories, sometimes containing the germ of a real idea, to bulky manuscripts that have been technically perfected while containing absolutely no available material.

Other readers work on the magazines, current novels or anything, book or story that may have been suggested as available material for a picture.

\* \* \*

AFTER the scenario department has adapted the story, preparing a perfect technical manuscript for the use of the director, beside numerous synopses of different lengths, the scenario goes to the producing end of the business and copies are given to the director, the star who has been chosen, and the cast, and special instructions to the carpenters, wardrobe woman, scene painters, property man, art director, location man, and others, in order that when the time comes for "shooting" the actual scenes, everything may be ready.

Costumes must be prepared, or, at least, ordered, in advance; sets built, locations found and made ready and parts rehearsed. That last sounds a bit "fishy" I'll admit, but several of the most famous of our players have said they learned their lines quite as carefully as if they were to say them on a stage, indeed, that it is necessary for them to be more familiar with the play, for the different scenes are necessarily not filmed in the order of their happening, and it takes a mighty good imagination to carry a story wherein you die before you are married or elope with somebody before you've been introduced.

Most of the details of making a

picture have become familiar items so we will pass rapidly to the next phase of the film, which is the great laboratory, a factory in itself, where the film is developed, titled, "cut," "assembled," and prints made. You may imagine this a light task until you remember how scrappily the scenes have been taken. A system used by most directors, of holding a number in front of every scene after it is taken, corresponding with its number in the original scenario, helps to simplify this.

Here, in the laboratory, the first or "positive" film is made and later the prints, or negatives can be turned out, as many as are desired. At the Famous Players-Lasky studio at Fort Lee, New Jersey, there is a laboratory as large as the studio itself where a large number of workers gather for the purpose of perfecting the finished product. A few of the stars, notably Mary Pickford, insist on going, personally, to the laboratories for the assembling of their pictures, carefully inspecting every foot of celluloid that is used.

\* \* \*

BESIDE the Fort Lee studios and laboratory, and the two New York studios, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has a tremendous studio at Hollywood, California. Here, too, is a large part of the scenario department, including such famous writers as William C. De Mille, Jeanie MacPherson, John Emerson and Anita Loos, the famous director-author combination, who have turned out some of the most successful of Douglas Fairbanks' pictures; Beulah Marie Dix, Margaret Turnbull, Marion Fairfax, Julia Crawford Ivers, Paul West, and others, who do the same scenario work as is done in the East by Charles Maigne, Charles Whittaker, Eve Unsell, and others.

Perhaps the most complex part of the great organization is to be found at the central offices of the company on Fifth Avenue, New York. Here are the various executives and their departments, such as the Sales Manager, with his big sales force, extending with many ramifications to the exchanges; the Purchasing Department, which buys the supplies for the entire organization, studios, branch offices and all, from an inkstand for the Portland office, to a complete set of filing cabinets for San Francisco.

Then comes the legal department, which handles the drawing up of contracts, the importance of which is invaluable. An accounting department pays the bills and audits those of the exchanges, a service department co-ordinates with the tremendous advertising and publicity department to aid the exhibitor in advertising the pictures, forming the link between the producer and the

public from the time when a picture is started to its final release, by the use of newspaper stories, advertisements, magazine and trade paper publicity; the administrative bureau, which establishes another link directly between the exhibitor and producer.

This takes no account of the many sub-departments necessary for the running of a great office, such as the stenographic, filing, mailing, printing, shipping, or office managers' department. A force of two or three hundred employees is maintained at the New York office alone of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

\* \* \*

NEXT in line come the exchanges, or branch offices which perform the function of bringing the producer close to the exhibitor, and through him, the public, as we have shown. The exchange offices also handle a certain amount of advertising and publicity matter, all of which is supplied them from the home office. They distribute the billposters, one, two, three, or six sheets, as they are technically called, and they also supply the press books, exhibitors' aids and accessories sent from and designed at the home office.

The exchanges cover each a certain amount of territory, according to the population and number of theatres, and it is their share of the work, their part in the organization, to see that the films arrive on time and in good condition at the theatres. Besides, the "routing" of the pictures, distributing the advertising and publicity, and recording the sales, etc., the exchanges have a large share in the upkeep of films which necessitates a surprisingly large amount of work.

The exhibitor, or retail tradesman, as he has been called, is the final link of the great chain. He it is, who, according to his ability as a showman, gives each picture the setting, the music, and the surrounding bill that is needed to make it reach the fickle favor of the public. Music cues are always supplied with the film. These are arranged by masters of their craft, who, seeing the picture far in advance of its release date, make out a list of appropriate music to be played during the different scenes, providing a carefully timed set of "music cues" for the theatre orchestras.

Although the moving-picture is the youngest big business of them all, it keeps more people busy in its offices, studios and laboratories than the whole automobile industry. Considering the cinema's infancy, it has reached an advanced stage of development, but, like the wise child it is, realizes that order, system, foresight, service, and particularly organization are the foundations of its success, past, present and future.



# PROGRESS IN EDUCATIONAL PICTURES



**Y**EARLY the motion picture achieves new conquests of the spheres of imagination and of knowledge formerly reserved to books. A great movement is gaining rapid headway: that of popularizing travels, science, knowledge of all sorts, yes, beliefs and opinions, by means of the screen.

\* \* \*

It is unquestionably the forerunner of the real cinema age in school education when film "text-books" shall replace printing-press ones, and the present laborious grind of ten or twelve years at school and college can be shortened to a quarter of that time. Admittedly, the real cinema age is some way off. The passive opposition of the Book Trust must be broken down. Big capital must be interested. Above all, the schoolmen must sense the cinema as the big knowledge-vehicle of the twentieth century. In the meantime, the product of the so-called "education-

Bruce; "Mexico of To-day," by George D. Wright; the "Living Book of Nature," wonders of the animal world, photographed by Professor Raymond Ditmars; such thousand-footers are eagerly welcomed by city audiences, and even the rube picture-goer is beginning to demand them also.

\* \* \*

Recently the corporation above referred to has extended its activities to multiple-reelers allowing of greater elaboration than the usual fifteen-minute picture. There is no objection to a story, indeed, facts are always more effective if wound around a core of story which acts as a magnet to the popular attention. And so we have the spectacle of the Educational Films Corporation starting the production of a big five-reel feature on "The Romance of Coal," provided with a central love story, a symbolic exposition of the coal era, and panoplied with the thousand and one facts the con-

the popular magazine bears to the trade publication. The makers of "The Romance of Coal" have no private axes to grind, and they are concerned with the subject only in its relations to the big public.

\* \* \*

What are those relations? Very important and vital ones, it will be evident upon reflection. (1) Dependence on coal to keep the transatlantic ferry open and the ships, men, munitions, and supplies moving to France. (2) Coal for home militarist activity. (3) Coal for the Navy. (4) Coal for the ultimate domestic consumer, meaning YOU who half froze last winter and are threatened with a worse shortage next.

\* \* \*

The film will show the bounty of Nature and the niggardliness of Man in failing to provide transportation. It will put the blame for

sleep to do the work of civilization, lends itself to a treatment of epical grandeur like the wheat theme in a Frank Norris novel, or the struggle of the races in Dixon and Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation."

\* \* \*

Nor are the homelier and human interest sides of the subject neglected. Through the authorization of the State Councils of Defense of West Virginia, the whole Mountain State—the second richest coal area in the world—has been made a playground for the Educational's company of actors headed by Director Frederick A. Thomson. The life in the mining camps, the conditions and customs of the workers, the quaint bucolic and subterranean types—all are to be mirrored faithfully. The miner at last will be at the forefront of his own movie. Thousands of him will be pictured in mass scenes, and much popular ignorance and inappreciation of his



WHERE NATURE'S BLACK DIAMONDS ARE LOCATED

als" is so attractive and so successful in its double aim of entertaining and informing, that millions of American picture-goers have become its firm friends.

\* \* \*

As an illustration and not merely as a boost, the readers of THEATRE MAGAZINE may be interested to know that practically all the first-run houses of New York City show the pictures of the Educational Films Corporation of America. Picturized world travels, by E. M. Newman; trampings through Glacier National Park, the Puget Sound country and Alaska, by Robert C.

junction of which has meant distressful times to the users of fuel.

\* \* \*

Motion-picture work of this kind should be carefully distinguished from "industrials." The latter are meant primarily to exhibit the rise, growth, and processes of an industry. Such a picture is a book of the trade, so to speak, in film form. It lacks general interest except for occasional flashes, and its uses are obviously commercial and technical.

\* \* \*

The Educational feature bears the same relation to the industrial as

the shortage where it belongs: the inability of the railroads to place sufficient cars at the mine mouths and to keep the loaded cars moving. It will show King Coal as a fettered giant straining to break loose and annihilate the Hun; as a mighty force the waste by-products of which could easily fertilize every acre of arable land in the United States; as the creator not only of heat, light, and power, but also of dyes, medicines, preservatives, antiseptics, and the myriad other products of carbon. The subject of the transmuted solar energy buried in the ground for eons and eons of time, then waked from its long

status as a modern economic factor will be dispelled.

\* \* \*

The War Age demands use as well as ornament—even in the theatre and its attendant art, the cinema. Herein is the Educational's opportunity. It *must* entertain, or it cannot pay its way and live; but its specific sort of entertainment is based on facts and not on vagrant fancy. Some of the wisest men in the entertainment picture field believe that the educational is the coming art-form; even if they are mistaken, its relative importance is increasing largely.





As Peggy Hyland looks in "Peg of the Pirates," a William Fox production



Florence Vidor, a leading woman at the Lasky Studios, whose good work is attracting considerable attention



A trying position for Jewel Carmen, a popular William Fox star



Alma Francis proves conclusively that a chorus girl may graduate into a picture sprite at the Lasky Studios



# The Right to Use the Name of Frohman

Mr. Daniel Frohman in a letter sent to the Press and Trade Journals, has stated that neither he nor Charles Frohman was ever connected with The Frohman Amusement Corporation and that the name of Frohman was and is still being used without authority. We desire the trade and public should know, as we believe they do, that these gentlemen never were connected with this corporation and therefore are not entitled to credit for any of its success.

The statement however that the name was and is being used without authority has no foundation of fact, and Mr. Daniel Frohman must know it, as evidenced by the following excerpt from a contract made by and between Gustave Frohman the oldest brother of Charles and Daniel and William L. Sherrill viz—

"This agreement made this tenth day of June 1914 by and between Gustave Frohman, party of the first part, and William L. Sherrill, party of the second part witnesseth party of the second part agrees that he will organize a corporation under the laws of Delaware which shall be named The Frohman Amusement Corporation.

"The party of the first part hereby authorizes the use of the name of Frohman in the corporate title of The Frohman Amusement Corporation, and agrees to act as president of said corporation for a period of at least ten years. IF HE IS SO ELECTED BY THE DIRECTORS.

"The party of the first part agrees that he will not actively be identified with any other company producing motion picture films during a period of ten years from the date thereof."

Signed in duplicate on this 10th day of June, 1914, City of New York

SIGNED Gustave Frohman, Party of the First part  
William L. Sherrill, Party of the Second part

On January 13th, 1916, we purchased the stock holdings of Gustave Frohman. The success which we had attained in building up the name of The Frohman Amusement Corporation with the trade justifies our directors in not changing the corporate title.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS

VIZ

OUR LAST GREAT DE LUXE PRODUCTION

"MY OWN UNITED STATES"

THE FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORPORATION

WILLIAM L. SHERRILL, President

## A MOVEMENT TO HONOR THE FIRST MOTION PICTURE PIONEER



**M**AURICE TOURNEUR, the director who has just launched his own producing corporation, has started a movement to honor the man whose experiments led to the first motion pictures. "In May, 1872, Eadweard Muybridge began his experiments in instantaneous photography," says Mr. Tourneur, "and yet, exactly forty-six years later, we have done nothing to honor this pioneer who made the photoplay possible. In the interim Muybridge's experiments have developed into the fifth industry of America.

"The popular idea credits Thomas Edison with being the creator of the motion picture. While Edison contributed a vital part to the development of the film, animated photography really dates back to Muybridge.

"Out in California, in 1872, this man began his experiments, which were later carried on at the University of Pennsylvania. That university provided him with grants amounting to over \$40,000, the first instance of a scientific investigation, financed by a college, which developed a business of practical and commercial importance.

"Muybridge did not have the photodrama in mind when he started experimenting. He wanted to study animal movement for the use of art and science. In fact, his first experiments are said to have been backed by a California governor who wanted pictures of his racehorses in action.

"Muybridge built a shed which was painted black and was 120 feet long. Opposite the shed he constructed a camera house with twenty-four cameras, each having a lens three inches in diameter. In front of these cameras a horse galloped. The black shed was the background. The cameras, operated first by strings which were broken by the horse's progress, caught successive exposures. Later a motor operated the cameras. Thus a series of successive movement pictures was obtained. Later the work was taken up by M. Marey, of Paris, who utilized a sensitized film and was able to use a single camera.

"But Muybridge not only took the first photographs of moving subjects, but he also projected them on a screen, leading directly to the exhibition of motion pictures. He lectured and presented these pictures beginning in 1880, and at the Chicago Exposition of 1893, in a specially constructed building, showed motion pictures of birds flying, athletes wrestling, etc.

"Here was the real beginning of the motion picture, later given splendid contributions by Edison, Eastman, and others, here and abroad," continued Mr. Tourneur. "It is singular that all the elements of motion pictures developed wholly in the Allied countries—in the United States, France, Italy, and, in a measure, in England. Germany has contributed nothing, unless perhaps a certain development of the lens."

## THE MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION ELECTS A NEW PRESIDENT



John R. Freuler resigned as president of the Mutual Film Corporation of Delaware and James M. Sheldon, of New York, was elected his successor, at a meeting of the board of directors held at the concern's offices at 220 South State Street, Chicago.

Warren Gorrell and Walter McLellan, of the Federal Reserve Bank, Chicago, were elected to the board of directors. Samuel S. Hutchinson, of Chicago, resigned from the board.

The officers of the corporation now include: G. W. Hall and John F. Cuneo, vice-presidents; Paul H. Davis, treasurer; I. C. Elston, Jr., assistant treasurer; Edward Stoddard, secretary; and H. G. Davis, assistant secretary.

The Mutual Film Corporation is among the oldest and largest of the motion picture concerns. It includes a system of thirty-six film exchanges covering the United States

and Canada. The Mutual is now distributing pictures starring Charles Chaplin, Edna Goodrich, the Charles Frohman stars, William Russell, Mary Miles Minter, and Margarita Fisher. The roster of stars which have been in its service through the period of its history includes a majority of the celebrities of the screen. Its gross output has ranged as high as one million feet of motion pictures a week.

James M. Sheldon, the new president of the Mutual, is known in the motion picture business through his connection with the Syndicate Film Corporation, as president of the Randolph Film Corporation and more recently as head of the Empire All Star Corporation. Prior to his motion picture connections, Mr. Sheldon was a lawyer.

"Business as usual," was Mr. Sheldon's terse statement on taking his new office.





Carl E. Carleton, President of the Crest Pictures Corporation, and a scene from his picture production of David Graham Phillips, "The Grain of Dust"



The feature player of "Heart of the Sunset" is Anna Q. Nilsson. This Rex Beach drama is released by Goldwyn

Famous Players-Lasky Company have augmented their list of stars by the addition of Ethel Clayton



# UNWINDING THE REEL



Harry I. Garson, personal manager for Clara Kimball Young, reports rapid progress with his companies on the Coast. Miss Young, who is busily engaged on her latest picture, "The Claw," by Cynthia Stockey, will complete that Select film soon. Mr. Garson's independent production, "The Hushed Hour," in which Blanche Sweet is featured, will be completed about the same time as "The Claw."

It is unofficially stated that "The Hushed Hour" will be offered on open market by Mr. Garson.

The latest member of the cast of "The Hushed Hour" to be engaged is little Bennie Carpenter, who appears in D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World." Little Bennie is said to be one of the cleverest children yet seen on the screen.

\* \* \*

J. A. Berst, who until recently headed the Pathé organization, was elected president of United Picture Theatres of America at a meeting of the directors held on April 27. Lee A. Ochs retains his place on the directorate, serving hereafter in the office of vice-president, and several further important additions to the directoral body will shortly be announced, it is expected.

Mr. Berst in his letter of acceptance said: "I accept the presidency of United Picture Theatres of America, Inc., because I am thoroughly convinced that the co-operative system proposed by you will remedy existing evils and still do justice as between the producer and the exhibitor. During a career of more than twenty years in the industry, my policy has been 'Fairness to the exhibitor!' But even with the gratifying support of thousands of exhibitors during my two terms as president of the General Film and my vice-presidency and general management of Pathé, the realization has gradually come to me that the competitive method of handling films is unscientific, wasteful and injurious to the interests of all concerned."

\* \* \*

One of the most important of recent transfers in the film industry is the purchase by the Lincoln and Parker Film Company, of Worcester, Mass., of the Edison studio at 2526 Decatur Avenue, New York, its equipment and the equipment of the Edison Positive Film Plant at Orange, N. J., from Thomas A. Edison, Inc. By the terms of the deal the purchaser also comes into possession of over a million feet of Edison negatives, released prior to the Edison-Kleine arrangement.

The Lincoln and Parker Film Company also acquired the right to

reproduce Edison feature subjects and Edison Conquest Pictures on their narrow-width and non-standard film, but all other rights in such subjects are retained for a period of years, by the Edison Company and the George Kleine system, through which they will be available as before. All rights in the James Mont-

Diana Allen, a former Ziegfeld Follies girl, and later seen in "Miss 1917" at the Century Theatre in New York, is featured in a series of one-reel comedies to be released weekly by General Film Company. The pictures are being made by the Diamond Film Company at its New Orleans studio. Miss Allen's principal sup-



Scene from D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World"

gomery Flagg series, "Girls You Know," are so retained.

Included in the Lincoln and Parker deal are the educational and scientific subjects upon which Mr. Edison was working a few years ago. It is announced that Mr. Edison will act in the capacity of a consulting editor to the new company, and that his son, Charles Edison, is to become a member of its board of directors.

The Edison Company promises a further announcement shortly, as to its future activities in the motion picture field, but it is known that a number of new productions, including "The Wall Invisible," with Shirley Mason, and several stories by O. Henry, Richard Harding Davis, Ralph Henry Barbour, and other authors of prominence, are being made ready for early release.

\* \* \*

"Cecilia of the Pink Roses," the first production undertaken by the Marion Davies Film Company to exploit their star, is well under way at the Biograph studios and is now definitely promised for release early in June. The book, by Katharine Haviland Taylor, which was one of the big sellers of the year, is said to have been given deft treatment in adapting it to the purpose of the screen.

port will be Lou Marks, formerly of Keystone and Commonwealth comedies.

\* \* \*

Betty Compson, heroine of many Christie Comedies, has been engaged for the leading rôle opposite George Larkin in "The Wolf Faced Man," by W. A. S. Douglas and Lucien Hubbard, which Diando Film Corporation is producing in Los Angeles for Pathé, it was announced last week.

\* \* \*

"Smiling Bill Parsons," whose Capitol comedies are released through the Goldwyn Distributing Company, is busy at his Hollywood studios on the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes." It is now in the making, in addition to two comedy productions under Mr. Parsons' own supervision.

Nine sets adorn the studio stages for the Tarzan picture. Most of these were constructed under direction of Eugene Ainsworth, a noted English teacher, formerly at Oxford. A huge tank, holding forty alligators and numerous other jungle details, have been constructed, and when these sets have all accomplished their productional purposes, the company, including Elmo Lincoln, Enid Markey, Thomas Jefferson, Colin Kenny, George French,

Clyde Benson, Phil Dunham, Bess Meredith (scenario editor), Wilfred Lucas (director), and Cleo Madison will leave for New Iberia, Louisiana, where the original Tarzan jungle scenes were made, and where many of those forthcoming will be staged.

It will require months more to complete this production. Isidor Bernstein is in charge of the technical work.

In the Capitol comedies, Bill Parsons has surrounded himself with a cast including Molly Malone, formerly a Universal star; Sampson, Jay Belasco, George French, and seven other well-known players.

Four of these comedies have been completed and prints forwarded to the Goldwyn exchanges.

\* \* \*

Charlie Chaplin says he shall never marry—but that's what they all say.

\* \* \*

Anita Stewart will appear in a Pinero drama, "Mind the Paint Girl," the motion picture rights of which were purchased by Vitagraph.

\* \* \*

Shirley Mason is now a Lasky star, having been signed to appear in John Emerson and Anita Loos productions for Paramount release.

\* \* \*

Fred Stone and Ethel Clayton have commenced work at the Paramount West Coast studios, and Vivian Martin has been engaged to continue in Paramount pictures.

\* \* \*

It is rumored that Mae Marsh is to marry Louis Arnes, a sporting writer of the *Tribune*.

\* \* \*

World Pictures have determined to seek out new talent for their productions and for this purpose have set aside one afternoon a week to try out applicants and making final selections.

The applicants are tried out by the various directors to test their quickness of perception, their success in depicting emotions and grasp the essentials of a scene. Then they are given a test. In other words the directors put them through their paces before the camera, so as to determine whether or not they register well.

Recently at one of these try-out thirty-five young ladies were given a trial. Of the thirty-five, six developed enough ability to warrant screen test, and of the six, two were hired for work in new pictures.



## FIVE MEN WHO HAVE MADE FILM HISTORY



Adolph Zukor (lower left) and Jesse L. Lasky (upper left) controlling geniuses of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, the foremost and brightest luminaries of the film industry



William Fox (upper right) and Winfield Sheehan (lower right) controlling heads of the William Fox Corporation, second in importance in the film industry, and who have played the game without fear or favor



William Sherrill (center) President of the Frohman Amusement Corporation, and the biggest single figure of importance among independent producers of motion pictures





# THE FIVE KINGS OF JOY AND SORROW



(Upper left) Cecil B. DeMille, presiding genius and Director-General of the Famous Players-Lasky Company



(Upper right) David W. Griffith, whose next Arcraft picture bears the tentative title, "Women of the War"



© Hartsook

(Center) Mack Sennett, the famous Paramount director of comedy



(Lower left) Hugh Ford, the big man in the East for the Famous Players-Lasky Company



(Lower right) Thomas H. Ince, supervising director of William S. Hart's pictures and whose own stars include Charles Ray, Enid Bennett and Dorothy Dalton



# MABEL CONDON INTERVIEWS WEST COAST FAVORITES



Bessie Barriscale was eloquent in an elaborate hair-dress and the pink things that go with an evening gown. Up until the moment of mention of "popularity of screen stars," Miss Barriscale had been simply her usual friendly self. And Miss Barriscale is really overwhelmingly friendly. So much so, in fact, that everyone

Hickman one got a brief sketch of the things Miss Barriscale has done.

One remembers, first of all, perhaps, that Miss Barriscale was the original Luana in "The Bird of Paradise."

"It was written for her," informed Mr. Hickman, making himself comfortable in the one vacant arm-chair.

way to the short-order restaurant on the lot where short-orders are not served between noon and two o'clock when, if ever, it would seem, short-orders should be the fashion.

\* \* \*

One discovered Mae Murray in a pink silk kimono and with a towel covering her blonde locks in order to keep them free from cold cream. She had just come in from location and her maid was hovering about ready to assist in helping her into her street clothes.

She spoke of the days four years ago when she had her own dance-palace atop a New York roof. Not to go to Murray's at that time was not to do what everybody was doing. But Miss Murray bestowed upon the remembrance but a smile and a few words of acknowledgement that such a time had been.

"It has been *such* a time since I danced," she explained in a voice that matches the "bee-stung lip" and which is soft and musical (the voice, not the lip).

"It seems I have always done pictures," Miss Murray further enlightened as the maid took away the final traces of grease paint and removed the towel from the Murray locks.

"Perhaps you remember when I came out here to make pictures with the Lasky Company. That engagement continued for almost two years when I did 'Sweet Kitty Bellairs,' 'To Have and to Hold,' 'The Dream Girl' and 'The Plow Girl.' Then I went to New York and did 'The Big Sister' and 'The Primrose Ring' at the Famous Players Studio. I thought it would be great fun to have my own company, so arranged with the Universal for a Mae Murray release and fulfilling my contract with them is what is taking every minute of my time. 'Princess Virtue' and 'Face Value' are two of my most recent pictures and the one I am doing now has a lot of water stuff in it which has taken me to Catalina several times."

It had not taken the maid long to transform the kimono girl into a demure little lady of a grey street cape and a large plain grey hat. And as she tripped out from the dressing-room to the studio exit, she radiated a sweetness of manner as she went that is quite typical of Mae Murray.

William Duncan had been on the screen six years, but his popularity and salary jumped to their big and present proportions with his giving the Vitagraph Company a thirty-reel Western Serial directed by himself and starred in by himself.

He is big and good-looking with a big smile and a big wave in his hair which the writing film-public never fails to mention in the thirty or more letters received by Mr. Duncan daily. But Mr. Duncan is not a bit interested in his own smile or the wave in his own hair. He will tell you, upon close questioning, that he was born in Scotland, came to America when he was eight, gaining a reputation among the boys from eight years old up until the present time, for being a man of strong muscle and a determination behind the muscle which makes any demonstration of this possession a triumphant one



William Duncan

for him. You can decide for yourself as to the physical fitness of Mr. Duncan when you know that he was an instructor in McFadden's Physical Culture School. Then he established his own school for instruction in the ways of physical culture. His stage career is confined to a vaudeville appearance with Sandow, the wrestler. In the latter's act, Mr. Duncan was brought forth as an example of perfect manhood. After playing leads in Forepaugh Stock, he formed his own company, writing, producing and starring in "The Fifth Generation" and "The Sporting Editor."

Back in the six-year-ago days when the Selig Company exploited the sombrero and the cattle-pony plus the wearer of one and the rider of the other, Mr. Duncan was a Selig star and director. Then he went over to the Vitagraph Company as a featured player. "God's Country and the Woman," "The Last Man," "Money Magic" and "Aladdin from Broadway" were pictures which brought money to the Vitagraph Company but did not entirely satisfy Mr. Duncan's personal ambitions.

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Bessie Barriscale seen in an informal moment with her director-husband, Howard Hickman

who knows her speaks of this fascinating quality about her.

So Miss Barriscale was friendly, when popularity was brought into the conversation and Miss Barriscale gave out her views, with gestures, as follows:

"There are always certain localities, or cities, in which certain stars are more popular than in others. The respective screen player attracts respective popularity differently. One may create a sensation at the theatres in one city and not in the others.

"Take my case, for instance, I do not go as well in Los Angeles as I do in San Francisco. And Los Angeles has been my home city for the past three years. So it is simply a matter of a difference in what the film public wants—and the film public has a variety of wants.

"But popularity has to be catered to from so many different angles," came in a smothered voice from Miss Barriscale as her maid slipped over her head the black sequence gown Miss Barriscale was to wear in a scene. The gown on, Miss Barriscale continued, branching out on a new subject:

"I think it is well for a player to go East at least once a year in order to find out what the people away from home think of one. I intend to do this. In fact, I intend to make a couple of pictures in New York very soon.

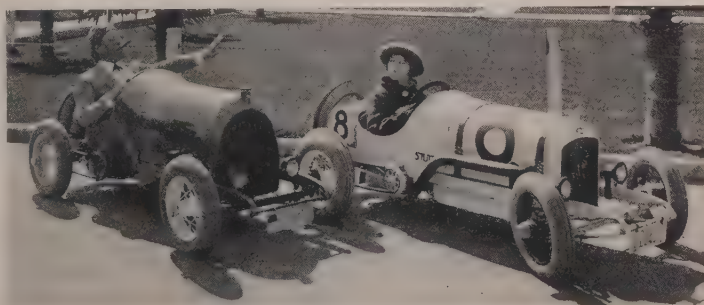
At this moment the call-boy summoned Miss Barriscale, and throwing a cape over the heavy sequence gown which she assured her maid and visitor, weighed a ton, she said good-bye to her pretty pink dressing suite and its occupants and, promising to send Howard Hickman, her husband-director, in, departed for the set. And from Howard

"Miss Barriscale and I stayed at the Tully Ranch up near San Francisco, while Richard Walton Tully wrote 'The Bird of Paradise' for Miss Barriscale. She came to the Lasky Studio later to do 'Rose of the Rancho' and never did go back to the stage. From the Lasky Company she went to the Ince organization and came to Paralta at its inception, a little more than a year ago.

"Her first picture was 'Madam Who.' She has completed six, is in the middle of the seventh now and there is one more to do after this."

It was then that one remembered that Mr. Hickman had just been appointed director for Miss Barriscale and that he was to direct her two final pictures on her Paralta contract. One knew that Mr. Hickman was a featured player in his own right and had a part in the success of Miss Barriscale's features. Surely he should make her a splendid director.

Outside a bell rang. Charles Gunn, Miss Barriscale's leading man, Raymond B. West, her recent director, and a number of others of the Paralta folk tramped by the dressing room door. The Pekingese, until then asleep on the divan, came to life and went to the door to join the passers-by. Obviously it was the noon-hour and Mr. Hickman led the



Miss Mae Murray and her director, Robert Leonard, racing at Universal City





Part of carpenter force of the Lasky Studio lined up on new stage 250 x 75—120 men



This large stage was used as the men's dressing room when more than 2,000 people were required to participate in the great Jerusalem street scenes embodied in the Theda Bara super-production of "Salome"

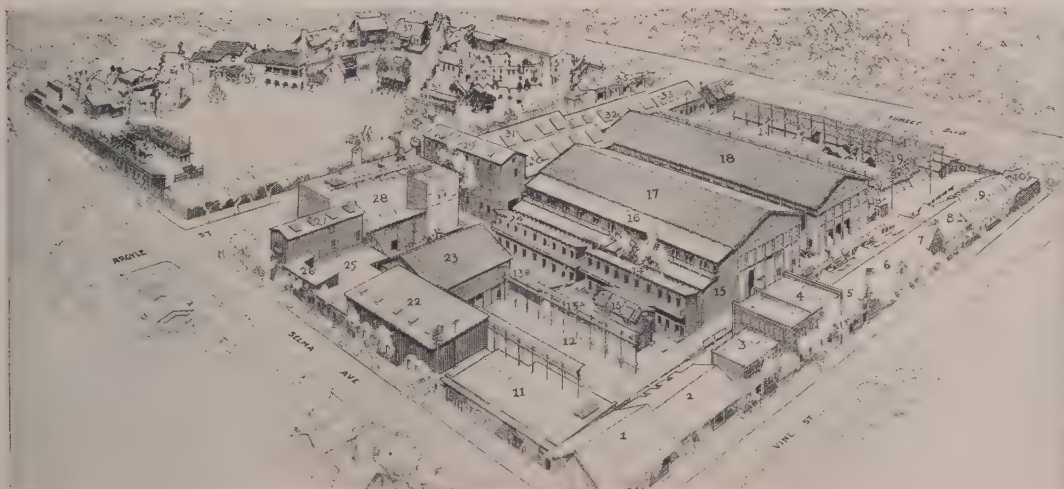


Another view of one corner of the great city of Jerusalem embodied in the super-production "Salome," built on the William Fox lot at Hollywood, Cal.





The same group of men completing the erection of this tremendous studio



Here we have the Lasky Studio in Hollywood, California, where the Western productions of Paramount and Arcraft are made

- |                                     |                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Property room.                   | 13b. Projection room No. 2.         | 26. Purchasing department. Press         |
| 2. Outgoing property room.          | 14. Extra dressing room.            | photographer's rooms.                    |
| 3. Star dressing room building.     | 15. Scene docks.                    | 27. Old paint frame now upholstering     |
| 4. Wardrobe building.               | 16. Principal dressing rooms        | and wall papering department.            |
| 5. Engaging department.             | 17. Stage No. 2.                    | 28. Laboratory. Frame building under     |
| 6. Executive offices.               | 18. Stage No. 3.                    | number now removed and addition          |
| 7. Cecil B. deMille's office.       | 18a. Company dressing rooms, entire | to laboratory erected.                   |
| 8. Directors' offices.              | length of stage.                    | 29. Paint frame.                         |
| 9. Scenario department.             | 19. Stage No. 4.                    | 30. Fitting room.                        |
| 10. Mary Pickford's dressing room.  | 20. Scene docks, entire length of   | 31. Carpenter shops.                     |
| 11. Incoming property room.         | Stage No. 4.                        | 32. Planing mills.                       |
| 12. Stage No. 1.                    | 21. Sail boat in tank.              | 33. Property construction department.    |
| 13. Wilfred Buckland's office over  | 22. Dark stage.                     | 34. Plaster shops and blacksmith shop.   |
| dressing room used by Geraldine     | 23. Small glass stage.              | 35. Garages.                             |
| Farrar.                             | 24. Extra dressing rooms—and hos-   | 36. Douglas Fairbanks' offices and       |
| 13a. Title department, and printing | pital.                              | dressing rooms.                          |
| plant, and electrical department.   | 25. Stock room.                     | 37. Exterior sets built for productions. |



## Mabel Condon Interviews West Coast Favorites

(Continued from page 399)

"And what," wired A. E. Smith, Vitagraph president, "is your personal ambition?"

"To make Western stuff," was Mr. Duncan's wired reply, and Mr. Smith came back with "Gratify it."

So Mr. Duncan got out his Western clothes from the bottom of a six-year-old trunk and produced and starred in the money-making serial, "The Fighting Trail." He followed this with the features, "Dead Shot Baker" and "The Tenderfoot."

Thence came offers to Mr. Duncan from various producing companies in both East and West. Mr. Duncan was too busy producing his second Vitagraph serial, "Vengeance and the Woman," to pay any attention to them. He used the backs of the telegrams as something to write notes on. Then the offers became persistent.

"These people want me," said Mr. Duncan to Studio Manager, W. S. Smith. "They can't have you," returned the latter. So Mr. Duncan named his terms and stayed. The terms were large. But so was also the appreciation of the Vitagraph Company and the terms were accepted.

And now Mr. Duncan is busy on his third Western serial.

"It will have more drama in it than the others," commented Mr. Duncan as he cleaned his gun. "Lots of stunts in it, though, but there is more to it than just that. I like something with real drama to it and that is what this serial is going to have." He inspected the gun. It satisfied him and within a few minutes he was using it in one of his stunt scenes.

from the orange groves all around! And you wrote and asked me, you know, about some of my recent pictures and reminded me of my first days on the screen when I wore curls and was a 'child-wonder lead' at the Lubin Studio in Philadelphia." Miss Huff laughed delightedly at the memory of those far-away days. And one wished that Miss Huff would laugh again. She continued:

"That was my start in pictures—those Lubin days. And I didn't really begin to get magazine covers and other testimonials of favor until I had left Philadelphia and worked with the Metro, Fox and Famous Players Companies.

"I worked at the Famous Players Studio in New York a year, then came to the Coast for this firm and have been here now almost two years. About the best known pictures I worked in were "Seventeen," "Great Expectations," "Patience," "Freckles," "Tom Sawyer," "The Ghost House" and "Jack and Jill," and really there isn't another thing to tell about me.

"I do nothing exciting. Right now I am going to Santa Monica for a swim and after that I am going to ride horseback on the beach and then have a quiet drive back to Hollywood. I DO enjoy that ride in from the beach. One can almost make forty miles if one keeps a watchful eye on the road for the motor-police."

And this Lasky star with her violet eyes full of the joy of living, stepped into her big black limousine and at once began her vigilant lookout for the motor-police.

"You go to Laurel Canyon, cross a bridge and at the first house to



**BESSIE BARRISCALE**

With Paralta since its inception  
a little over a year ago



**Louise Huff**



**Edna Earle**

A big limousine passed every other car on Hollywood Boulevard. When it reached its destination, its dainty occupant stepped out and one had, as a visitor, Louise Huff. Little ends of blonde curls peeped from under the straw hat covered by a veil through which peered big violet eyes.

And if you have ever heard Miss Huff's dulcet—or should one call it liquid—decidedly Southern voice, one's imagination can fit it to the following:

"It is such a lovely day and one does enjoy the odor of orange blossoms that come to one right now

the left you will find Miss Edna Earle." These were the directions implicitly and—one did and one didn't! Meaning that one found the house and one didn't find Miss Earle.

"She gone down road, maybe," a Celestial in a work-apron informs you. He further opines that you will wait, maybe. You do. In a little while, down the canyon road comes a girl in a bungalow apron and carrying in her arms an animal from all portions of which legs seem to protrude. But you count the legs. There are four and they belong to a Russian wolf-hound. At the heels of the girl trots a Boston bull pup.





MISS THEDA BARA





**MAE MURRAY**

now fulfilling her contract with the Universal for a Mae Murray release



**WILLIAM RUSSELL**

plans the making of twelve features of a variety of types

The girl comes up the walk from the rose-covered arbor-gate. She answers, "Yes, I am Miss Earle," and you sit down on the lawn under a loquat tree and the dogs scamper madly about you. Miss Earle informs you that they had run away, the dogs, that she had to walk a mile to bring them back from the neighbor's further up the canyon. She brought them from New York, these dogs, and they have given her so much trouble that she wishes she hadn't—almost.

One tells Miss Earle that some way one feels there is a mysterious something about her. She laughs and answers that it is simply that she is using a new name—Edna Earle. That under another name she had been co-starred by the Metro Company, had made a number of Famous Players pictures and then after being off the screen for a year, having a good time traveling about, she had come back under the name Edna Earle.

"Under this name I did several pictures in New York the past winter, one with Pathé and the other with the Famous Players. Because I am really ambitious to do something I came out to the Coast March 1st, because all the production interests seem to be centering here. There are two very good prospects that will be open to me in pictures here in California about latter June. I had these in mind when I came out here. But the Universal Bluebird Company, directed by Ida May Park, was the first engagement to offer, so I accepted it gladly. I have done other Bluebird pictures since then. And although I came out to stay only until September, I believe I will be here considerably longer than that."

One learned that Miss Earle was born in Kansas City, educated at the National Park Academy in Washington, attended a finishing school in Paris and one on Fifth Avenue, New York; and that she had secured a three-year contract with Henry W. Savage upon leaving school and that she was starred in one Broadway

production and had leading-woman honors in several others.

A white streak passed through Caheunga Pass and through Hollywood. The natives of this Principality were not sure just what it was, but the studio-folk—who do not number themselves among the natives of said Hollywood—recognized the streak instantly as the white speeder belonging to William Russell.

It was when the streak was forced to stop at a traffic officer's signal in Los Angeles that the driver of the car called out and, recognizing you, beckoned an invitation and the white streak had another occupant.

"Just in from Santa Barbara—left there at 2:30—must see my tailor, then go to the club and—but you don't know what day this is!"

You figured that particular moment to be 5 o'clock of April 12th. You said so.

"Right, yet wrong," Mr. Russell answered as the traffic cop suddenly decided that traffic should go the other way, held up his hand, and Mr. Russell applied his brakes with so decided an effect that three people jumped from in front of his car, wearing the expression, usually worn by people who do those things. And the traffic cop did an unusual thing—he smiled.

"It's April 12th and my birthday," went on Mr. Russell obeying the signal to go forward. The tailor's reached, he parked his car in front of "Do not park here" sign. In the process of fitting a coat, flaunting basting threads and one sleeve, he discovered a policeman tagging his car. With a simple "Excuse me," he was out the door, across the street and held forth for ten minutes as to why the policeman should not tag his car. He returned triumphant, the fitting was finished and the car with its two occupants proceeded to the Club. One can talk there, in a little reception room to the right of the entrance. And Mr. Russell likes to talk. He says so. "I would like to go back on the stage sometime, because I like to hear myself talk" is



**LOUISE HUFF**

who has achieved success in "Seventeen," "Freckles," "Tom Sawyer" and "Jack and Jill"



very well-known statement of his. "Having my own company, however, gives me more of an opportunity to do this, and already I've begun my third picture. It is a book by Wyndham Martyn entitled, "All the World to Nothing."

"I am trying to make the Wm. Russell Productions, Inc., stand for the variety of pictures that the exhibitors like to buy and the film-public likes to see. If I can believe the sentiment of letters I receive from the exhibitors who buy these Mutual-released features, I can believe I am having some success. My plans comprise the making of twelve features of a variety of types. Personally, I prefer to do Western pictures, and will have several of them among my twelve releases.

"Since it is my birthday, it may be appropriate for me to say that I have been in pictures for six years, starting with the Biograph, graduating into featured rôles with Thanet, Famous Players, the American Company and now I have a company of my own. Members of my family have all been professionals and my activities were forecast for me when, at the age of eight, I made my stage debut in 'Chimmie Fadden.'"

The door man appeared. "Your car has stood out here longer than the law allows," he informed, and Mr. Russell, taking the box of cigars with which he always equips himself on his infrequent visits to the Club, went forth to remove the white

travels. Perhaps it is because he is really fond of Indians and knows all about them. He owns a ranch, does Mr. Salisbury, on which he employs only Indian help. It is situated one hundred miles from Los Angeles in the San Jinto mountain country and where, one mile from his ranch, lives the Saboba tribe, and within another short distance are the Temecula and Cuhilla Indians.

"I love to go to the market place on Saturday night," said Mr. Salisbury. "It is there I see all my Indian friends. There is one who comes to the market who is named 'Ramona.' And there is a little three-year-old boy whom the Indians have named for me. I love the Indians. I have made a study of them and sometime I am going to retire to that ranch of mine and enjoy a further acquaintance with them."

Mr. Salisbury began his screen work in the leading rôle opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Goose Girl." But his characterization of "Allesandro" is that with which we most closely connect him. He is one of the best sellers on the Universal program and is particularly suited to the big out-of-door rôles which make his feature pictures distinctive. "The Heart of the Desert" is one of his most recent pictures and then there is an Alaskan one which suits his style of work exactly. In "The Eyes of the World" he played Conrad le Grange, a part decidedly different from any other in which the screen public has seen him.



DOROTHY PHILLIPS

Universal star, featured in Dorothy Phillips productions



Monroe Salisbury



Margarita Fisher

streak from the proximity of a fire plug.

"I leave for Santa Barbara at five in the morning, because I am due to drive through a tulip bed at eleven on an estate in Montesito. Not for pleasure, but for the screen." And the white streak melted into the distance.

\* \* \*

He was in Alaskan attire in a cool spot on a sunny stage and was enjoying a ten-minute intermission during the making of a Bluebird feature.

One always remembers Monroe Salisbury, however, as the Indian "Allesandro" of "Ramona." And that is the rôle he, himself, has most liked of all his screen por-

His stage record includes leading-man honors with Mrs. Fiske and rôles with Richard Mansfield and the Klaw-Erlanger Company.

Margarita Fisher is a name that for the past six years has been representative of beauty as well as real screen talent. She is back at the American Film Company, where her five-reel features are made for release on the Mutual program. And it was this studio, if you remember, in which Miss Fisher made the pictures of a few years ago and to which her presence gave the name of "Beauty Films." Then Miss Fisher went down to San Diego and was active in the making of features. When President S. S. Hutchinson wanted a star for his Santa Barbara studio and the requi-



WILLIAM DUNCAN

directing himself in Vitagraph western serials. He is a member of the Motion Picture Directors Association





**MARGARITA FISHER**

back at the American Film Co. where her five-reel features are made for release on the Mutual program



**EDNA EARLE**

Out at the Coast with the Universal Bluebird Company



**MONROE  
SALISBURY**

one of the best  
sellers on the  
Universal program



Bill Russell holds himself up

sites of this star were to be beauty and selling power, he immediately negotiated with Miss Fisher.

So she is now at Santa Barbara making pictures under the direction of Lloyd Ingraham. She has requested the Scenario Department to spare her nothing in the way of costume-changes, as she is a strong believer in the fact that feminine screen patrons wish to see the screen stars wear beautiful clothes in their pictures.

Miss Fisher makes a shopping trip to Los Angeles at the end of each picture and seldom buys less than ten gowns for each of her productions. In "Beauty to Let" she had twenty-one changes of costume.

Outside of studio hours, Miss Fisher employs her time in a variety of interesting ways. Her first big thought right now is in the interest of the Red Cross and she is to be thanked by many of the boys in camp, both in America and France, for their receipt of a number of little luxuries. It really is with the thought of these boys in mind that Miss Fisher is confining herself to the production of comedy-dramas entirely. She feels that if there is a little smile to be had by these boys in the comedy-dramas she is making, that she is serving a worthy purpose.

An Arabian horse was a recent purchase by Miss Fisher and she rides him daily into the mountains of Santa Barbara.

Delightful to meet, both as to personality and appearance, Miss Fisher succeeds in being one of our real screen successes.

\* \* \*

It was an off-morning for Dorothy Phillips. She had worked half the night before; so, with her director-husband, Allen Holubar, was having a late breakfast at their pretty bungalow on Caheunga Pass. The Pass is the direct route to Universal City and the Holubars live but a five-minute ride therefrom.

"I am tired of 'Discipline,'" sighed Miss Phillips, as the maid removed what remained of the grapefruit. One wondered just what Miss Phillips meant. So Miss Phillips explained.

"'Discipline' is what they call the picture I am doing now. The whole title is 'Discipline and Geneva.' I am Geneva and I am very much disciplined. So much so, in fact, while I am on the set, that no one, even my husband, dares to use a

directorial voice to me when away from the character of Geneva." Mr. Holubar assented to this with a nod, though really Mr. Holubar does not impress a person as being one who would seek to discipline so understanding a person as Miss Phillips.

"I think I am the most brow-beaten woman on the screen," went on Miss Phillips, between sips of coffee and bites of buttered toast. "In my last picture I was 'The Mortgaged Wife.' But it seems that if one would do dramatic work they must submit to being a harangued person, at least through part of the story. I know I have always been!"

One thought over this for a moment, calling to mind "The Soul for Sale," "Bondage," "Pay Me," "The Girl Who Dared"—this by James Oliver Curwood and which allows Miss Phillips to be a French-Canadian girl—and then one remembered "Hell Morgan's Girl," a picture which brought a great deal of money into Universal headquarters.

And one decided that Miss Phillips was right about her being a brow-beaten woman, in pictures only.


But the result, at least, must be satisfying as Miss Phillips, undoubtedly, is one of the most dramatic of our screen stars. When asked, she said that she had been on the stage



Dorothy Phillips with her husband and director, Allan J. Holubar

in "Everywoman," "Mary Jane's Pa," and many other productions; was a featured player with Essanay for two seasons and then came to the Universal. One recalls that her work in her every picture scores 100% with exhibitors and film-patrons and what more than this could an actress, even an emotional, dramatic one, desire!



A large, detailed portrait of the opera singer Emma Galli-Curci. She is wearing a dark, draped hood or cape over a light-colored, ruffled dress. Her expression is serious and contemplative. The background is a solid, warm yellow-orange color.

Galli-Curci as  
Gilda in *Rigoletto*

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